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VOICES CALLING.

"Oh, hush!" she whispered, "I hear them speaking.
Voices calling upon the air."
And, while she listened, the pale light glinted,
And lay and floated upon her hair.
"Oh, no!" they answered, "we hear no speaking.
We hear no voices upon the breeze,
It must be only, the night wind lonely,
That sighs and whispers among the trees."
"Oh, hush!" she murmured, "I hear them singing—
Singing the songs that I used to know."
And, while she listened, the tear-drop glinted,
And through long lashes began to flow.
"Oh, no!" they answered, "we hear no singing.
We hear no voices singing so,
'Tis but the waking of the sea waves breaking
Upon the sands so far below."
"Oh, hush!" she whispered, "I hear them calling,
Sweet voices of the long ago;"
And, while she listened, the pale light glinted,
And lay on her sweet face, white as snow.
"Oh, no!" they murmured, "she wanders wildly,
We hear no voices on the breeze,
She's listening only, the night winds lonely,
That sigh and whisper among the trees."
"Hush! hush!" they answer, while dews were falling,
While dead leaves rustled through the air,
And, while they shimmered, the pale light glinted,
On a face and form, like the angels fair.
"Oh, pray!" they whispered, "our love is dying,
Her voice is fainting across the sea;"
And, while they listened, the far dawn glinted,
Oh, God! her morning breaks with Thee.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE; OR, Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVI.

Lord of my learning and no land beside.
—Shakespeare.

Mrs. Lawrence began to discuss our summer arrangements presently. Where should we go? what should we do? She left the choice of place entirely to me.
"We can hardly look for Stuart until the middle of July," she said. "He will be rather tired out with his journey, and perhaps not care to undertake another, so we can make our arrangements without reference to him."
"Why should we go at all?" I replied.
"Laurelwood is as lovely as any place I have seen."
"There will be very little society through the summer."
"Never mind society for once. I think I should like to have a good long restful summer here."
"Very well. We will stay until Stuart's return, at least."

I was decidedly pleased. Not for worlds would I have been absent then. I had a gratifying belief that he would approve of this partial seclusion.

And now I asked myself what I should do. To brood constantly over the beguiling visions that floated through my brain would hardly be wise. And then I remembered how oddly I was situated.

I could not absolutely consider myself engaged; indeed, as for real love-making there had been very little. Mr. St. John was peculiar. Did I understand him at all? Was I certain that our natures would assimilate—harmonize?

I wondered if any woman had ever taken destiny in such a fashion before! There was only one fact of which I did feel confident. Through the exercise of some curious power Mr. St. John was able to sway every thought and feeling. Was this love? His approval was more to me than the opinion of the whole world besides. His very presence filled my soul with radiant delight, and yet I experienced a strange fear concerning him. The possibility of his being completely my master, loomed threateningly before me. It would be sweet, indeed, to yield from a deep, tender, overpowering affection.

A year ago I should have made an ideal and an idol of him at once. I seemed to have more self-poise, more experience, and though I was capable of experiencing a much deeper and more absorbing passion, I likewise appeared to demand more in return. Had I grown selfish, exacting?

I left off thinking of myself and turned to

nature. Never had she been lovelier. I indulged in long, solitary rambles and delightful communings; delicious reveries that enthralled both heart and brain. The firm of youth lost their fierceness, seeming more like the perfect golden glow of sunset.

Mr. St. John wrote that the business was much more complicated than he supposed, and that he was unable to fix upon any period of return, but that it would be as speedy as circumstances would permit. We were rather quiet, for Mrs. Lawrence left me much to my own devices. In this mood of brooding repose a tiny flame of ambition sprang up. Mr. St. John had satirically said—write a book. Have we not all a thread of romance within us? And so I began.

How the days passed I scarcely remember. They were like dreams perfected by sweetest music. I neither looked forward nor backward, but simply waited.

Suddenly the music ceased; the spell was broken.

My eyes were wandering carelessly over the paper one morning as we still lingered in the breakfast-room, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the announcement of the failure of a large New York and Baltimore house, and the suicide of one of the partners. My fortune was swept away at a single blow!

I sat there in silence. When the fire has burned to ashes, one does not look for a torch to rekindle it. There must be wood to sustain a new flame. The old has perished beyond recall.
"What is the matter, Sydnie?" and I saw Mrs. Lawrence making a sudden movement towards me. "You are as pale as a ghost."

"A poor way to bear misfortune," and my lip quivered, falling miserably in an attempt at a smile.
"Misfortune?" Her tone was incredulous.

I handed her the paper.
"An utter failure! Oh, it cannot be quite true. These things are always abominably exaggerated. How unfortunate that Stuart is away! I will send for Mr. Northrup—he may know how to advise;" and she did dispatch a servant immediately for the county lawyer.

We walked slowly through the hall. It was a warm morning, but the fragrant air revived me.

"My poor child, I cannot express my sorrow nor my sympathy. I only hope we shall not find it as bad as we expect."
What did I expect? Literally nothing. I felt crushed and overwhelmed. I cannot say that I had ever experienced any strong love for poverty, and now I shrink from the crisis with a trembling in every nerve. Very weak and ignoble perhaps, but I could not help it.

Mr. Northrup was not at home, and two days elapsed before he made his appearance. By this time the first accounts had become well authenticated. The old story of extravagant living, speculation, inevitable disgrace and death. My sympathies were strangely interested in behalf of the family so suddenly plunged into deepest gloom.

"My dear," Mrs. Lawrence said, in her sweetest tone, "if you only had married Aymer. He would never have thought twice of the loss."

My lip curled involuntarily.
"I think it would be best to take a little trip North. Your outfit of last winter can be made beautifully available with very little expense. And few will know of the misfortune. You still have your beauty."
"No," I said, decisively, "I cannot take part in such a farce."

"What will you do then?"

"Give music lessons or teach school," I said, recklessly.

"Sydnie, I beg you will not do anything rash nor foolish. You have many friends, and sufficient attraction yet to make a good marriage. Look at the matter sensibly, now I implore you. I have decided to go to Washington next winter, and I want you to feel that you would be most welcome to my care. I am sure that you can not only retrieve your fortune, but make yourself happy. You will marry sometime."

She did not in the least suspect Mr. St. John of caring for me. But in her opinion poverty was a kind of pestilence that it was proper to take any method to be rid of. I felt proud and defiant. Would Mr. St. John deem me capable of mercenary motives?

Mr. Northrup found affairs in the wildest confusion. The first reports were but too true.

"It is not worth while to worry Stuart with it," Mrs. Lawrence said. He will be home soon, and then, his hearing cannot mend matters. He will regret the unfortunate occurrence deeply.

I hardly knew how I felt about Mr. St. John. Pride and delicacy revolted from making the slightest appeal to him. All the little tendernesses I had planned, and the ready compliance I was to show looked too much like interest. He could make my path very smooth in the manner pointed out by Mrs. Lawrence. The thought gave me an uncomfortable shiver.

To please her I had gone on as usual. We had an invitation to a birthday party of a young lady, one of our neighbors, and a person I really admired. When I found that she expected me to accompany her, I made no demur, indeed I anticipated much pleasure. Mrs. Darrell, the girl's mother, had been extremely sympathetic and cordial to

me, and I felt that no loss of fortune would ever change her regard for one she liked.

The preparations roused me a little. Brought me back to a more human state. I resolved to enjoy the gayeties with as much of the old zest as possible.

"How bright and lovely you look," Mrs. Lawrence said, and I felt pleased with her commendation.

It was indeed a gala scene—the lawn hung with colored lanterns, and everywhere a profusion of fragrant flowers. Great wreaths of roses swaying in the soft June air; and the walks lined with blossoming shrubs of every variety, the porches covered, and the rooms decorated. How lovely it all looked, and to make the enchantment more complete musicians had been stationed in different parts of the ground, and sweet melodies went wandering through many a woodland path.

I felt my spirits rising. I knew I looked well. Why should I be shut out of enjoyment through a loss brought about by no fault of my own? Was I not the same, and did I not possess capabilities that had been mine a month ago? My fortune had taken away no integral part of myself.

They danced, chatted, laughed, and made themselves merry. The evening was half spent perhaps, when I sauntered down a path, attracted by a strain of sweet melody the flutes and French horns were blowing out in tremulous summer gales. Then a voice near me said—

"So Miss Adriance has lost her fortune. What will she do?"

"Mrs. Lawrence is very fond of her. I suppose she will remain at Laurelwood, as she has no relatives," a voice that I recognized, made answer.

"And marry Mr. St. John." The sentence ended with a laugh.

"Mr. St. John isn't considered a marrying man."

"Oh, she will manage him. Beauty in tears is irresistible. Of course she will go to him for comfort and advice, and he being her guardian will feel moved in her behalf. You may count upon her being mistress of Laurelwood in six months."

And then followed another mocking laugh that was like a stab to me. I had heard enough. Blinded by a sudden rush of emotion I could hardly find my way back to the brilliant lawn and the dancers.

I had endured some petty slights before, but this stung me to the very heart. If I should marry Mr. St. John, how many would believe me actuated by purest affection, as I should be? I was hurt, angry, and my enjoyment of the evening came to a sudden end.

The next day I wrote to Mrs. Otis. Already she had shown me that I had one steadfast friend, at least, and invited me to visit her, indeed she wished now that I would consider her home as my own. I should always be a most welcome guest. I had thanked her for this kindness when I was too deeply agitated to form any plans for the future. Indeed, I did not know as I had any right. But now some wild motive urged me on. I said frankly that henceforth I should be compelled to earn my own livelihood. There was but one avenue open to me at present—teaching school. My musical abilities were of a high order, and I believed that I could take care of myself. Since the effort must be made, some time, it would be as well, I thought, to start about it at once. But I seemed quite at loss to know to whom an application might better be made. If she could hear and advise me immediately, it would be of great assistance.

I would show Mr. St. John and his sister that I dared brave the evils of poverty. He should not find me helpless or positively in want of aught that he could give. I would not even make an indirect appeal for counsel. Whether it was pride that swayed me or a just self-respect, I would not stop to consider. To be armed was all I cared for just now.

Probably no reverse of fortune was ever pleasant. During these weeks I was in a measure shielded from grief, because a large portion of the community had already started on their phantom chase for summer pleasures. But now and then a sentence fell upon some bare, shrinking nerve, and gave me a momentary torture. I really did not dare to propose leaving Laurelwood, yet the days had lost all brightness and beauty. I grew morbidly sensitive and longed to reach my true level, for I knew that in losing my fortune I had lost caste.

Anne enclosed three advertisements in her reply. Two for a school, and one for a governess in one of the eastern counties of Maryland, where music was made a special requirement. This one attracted my fancy strongly, and I answered it immediately, telling as much of my story as was necessary, in order to account for my tenuity in seeking a situation without reference, though I sent the name of Madame W.—, my former preceptoress. What a flood of emotion this brought over me. I remembered the day on which I had waited for Mr. St. John to come, the strange journey, the welcome here. Could I go away? Why, it would be like leaving my soul behind.

I need not. I felt certain that Mr. St. John would consider himself bound by those few words spoken the night before his departure. What I wanted was not sympathy or sense of obligation, but love. Unless he could give me all that I desired, I would take nothing at his hands. If I must hunger it should be in a desert, not in a land of plenty.

By one of those odd circumstances that occasionally decide a fate, my application met with a fortunate reception. Mrs. Ingalls had been pleased with it—consulted her husband who advised her to accept. There were two girls nearly grown and five younger children. The salary was very fair, although it seemed a pitifully small sum to me. My duties would commence on the first of September. That I might decline hardly appeared to enter the mind of Mrs. Ingalls.

I was not prepared for so rapid a termination, and felt rather startled at my own temerity. On the same morning a letter came from Mr. St. John, announcing that he should start in the next steamer. Then he would soon be home! I owed him some duty, certainly. I had not a perfect right to dispose of myself without some consultation at least. He was my guardian if no more.

I decided to wait until I saw him before I took any positive step. The ease with which I had found this situation gave me courage to believe that if it failed, I should be able to secure something else without much difficulty. I felt armed as it were to fight any battle now.

Such interminable days as these were! I was very quiet outwardly, but within reigned chaos. Resolves, prejudices, and events vibrating and influencing one another, until I felt strangely irresolute. Even the thought of love ceased to charm.

The breach between Mrs. Lawrence and myself widened perceptibly. There was nothing tangible in her demeanor, indeed she sometimes appeared more solicitous, but I had a consciousness that these phases were not real, and that she assumed them from a sense of duty. Disliking the senior Mrs. Channing, she could not approve Aymer's marriage cordially, and held me in some degree answerable for it. Besides this she experienced a pang of secret mortification that, with my many advantages, I was not married.

The weather was growing intensely warm. A great cloud appeared to envelope me, full of slumberous magnetic influences, not sufficiently charged for a crisis. I had a sensation of being cut off from the rest of the world. The very air about me grew stifling, and I drew my breath with great gasps of apprehension. And in this mood I counted up the days, until one morning when I heard a stir among the servants.

The master of Laurelwood had come! There were joyous greetings in the hall, the sweet voice of Mrs. Lawrence murmuring a pleasant welcome. Had I any part or lot in the matter? Should I thrust myself upon his attention in this first moment of his return? Pride held me back. If he was very desirous of my presence he might signify it. But I waited in vain for any summons. What little events change the purposes of our lives! Any time during that morning I could have been convinced by a word or a look of the great fact of his love;—when the bell rang for luncheon the hour of grace had passed. I felt calm, but bitter and cold.

I hurried down, hoping to enter the dining-room first. He intercepted me in the hall. Somehow I shall always remember the picture I made. The voyage had completed the work of the tropical sun and left him almost swarthy. His hair had been cut quite closely, displaying his broad forehead and leaving a few stray curls at the temple. His eyes had a set look that was fairly stern, while the flowing beard with its peculiar bronze glitter gave him a weird, foreign appearance.

He flushed deeply in spite of the olive hue, and appeared at the first moment absolutely disconcerted.

"You seem in no haste to welcome me," he said rather sharply. I had been counting on that, at least.

"Your sister had the first right, I am sure," I answered gravely.

"And you none?" This was uttered in a tone of inquiry.

"None," I repeated.

"At least you might ask if I were well," and he laughed rather nervously.

"The fact is apparent. Allow me to congratulate you upon your safe return."

At this juncture Mrs. Lawrence joined us. She looked somewhat discomposed, and glanced curiously at me. My sensitive pride took alarm at once. Did she fear that her brother would foolishly rush to the rescue and marry me?

Each one made an effort, and the meal passed most pleasantly, though the conversation was all upon Mr. St. John's journey. He was really delighted to be at home again, that I could plainly see. We lingered over our dessert of fruit a long while, and as we rose he said, turning to me—

"May I see you in the library, Miss Adriance?"

I crossed the hall with him and then went over to the window. Just here we discussed my foolish engagement with such bitterness. How vividly it all came back.

"Miss Adriance," he began presently, "my sister has informed me of your misfortune. I am most sorry that I should be absent at such a time, but I doubt if it is as bad as she thinks. You are not quite disheartened."

"I have sufficient courage to bear a reverse of fortune," I said proudly.

"You have both been looking at the darkest side. Such things alarm Isabelle a good deal. She knows so little about business."

"I think I understand the matter per-

fectly, and can assure you that your fortune is not all gone. Have you no faith in my assertion, that you look so incredulous?"

"Besides the lawyer's statement I have heard from my friends at Baltimore, who were anxious to soften the blow as much as possible. There may be a few thousands saved, but even that is doubtful."

"Half at least," he said, walking down the room, his face turned partly from me. I imagined his motive in an instant, and though it gave me a quick thrill, I could not endure to be the recipient of his generosity.

"Mr. St. John," I said, trying to keep the touch of excitement out of my voice, "I can understand that you consider yourself in some manner answerable for this misfortune, but I do not hold you so. It was Mr. Anthon's investment, and one cannot always guard against losses. I am satisfied that it is nearly all gone, and have made some arrangements for the future."

He paused suddenly. "What arrangements?" he asked in a sharp tone.

"I have already obtained a situation as governess. It is necessary that I should depend upon my own exertions, and this offer came to me with a very little trouble."

"Governess!" He accompanied the word with such a disdainful gesture that it angered me.

"You are in haste, I think, Miss Adriance. It is paying a poor compliment to your friends," he went on with a scornful inflection.

"I do not propose to test friendship that far," I said haughtily. "Dependence would not be pleasant for me."

"Oh, you are strong minded! It will not harm you to air your theories occasionally, but you have forgotten one important fact. I am still your guardian."

"There is no longer a necessity for supervision. When people are at work they seldom fall into mischief."

"It is still my duty to provide you a home, and yours to remain there," he said, not attempting to disguise the power in his tone.

"You can insist upon this for some time longer," I returned coldly, "but it would not be an agreeable experiment. I question if a young lady with no fortune would be considered a valuable acquisition to Laurelwood society."

"That is pure pride."

"I am proud; I confess it."

"And willing to make everything bow to this demon?"

His tone was bitter, unjust, I thought.

"The demon, as you style it, will not have many worshippers. There is nothing to be rendered subservient."

"Nothing!"

He strode up and down the room, his face clouded, his lips compressed, and his eyes coming to points of flame. Had I gone too far? At all events I could not be a suppliant for his love, and truth to tell he seemed in no haste to offer it.

"This governingness is an absurd idea," he flung out angrily.

"I see nothing so absurd in a woman having courage to meet any exigency, and a desire not to become a burthen to her friends."

"I believe friends never were very weighty considerations with you."

The taunt was too bitter. A scarlet heat flamed up in my face.

"I have consulted some friends, in whom I have confidence, and my breath as well as my words came slowly, for I knew this was a cruel thrust."

As if it had not touched him at all, he came nearer. "Can nothing induce you to give up this wild idea? You will find the routine very different from your fancy concerning it."

"I do not expect a path of roses. I have some sense, at least," I returned with warmth and passion.

"And fortitude equal to any emergency," he retorted with caustic dryness.

Could this man ever have loved me? Love was kind and tender, shielding its object from every chilling blast, but he was more bitter and cutting than storm itself. I felt sick at heart.

"It is not necessary to discuss the matter any farther," I said, rising.

"I shall make a strict examination into this unfortunate business, and until then—"

He paused. I was so near that our hands almost clasped of their own accord. What invisible barrier kept us apart?

He made a sudden gesture, then he let me go without another word.

I went directly to my room and answered Mrs. Ingalls's letter, promising to be at my post at the appointed time. It had been folly to delay it. What sweet, wild dreams I had indulged in for a brief space! Gone, to the faintest shadow. I had always idealized Mr. St. John. He was not so grand and tender as the hero of my imagination, nay, he had never loved me as I wished to be loved. At times he had swayed me by his immense personal power, but the woman who won him must be a slave, and content to yield every atom of her own individuality. This did not quite satisfy me.

I despatched my note at once. Passing through the hall, Mrs. Lawrence called me to ask about some trifle, but with more real kindness in her manner than had been there of late.

"Stuart told you, I suppose, that he believes the loss involved in the failure has been exaggerated. I am really glad for your sake. It's delightful to have some one inspire us with a little courage."

"I think he is mistaken," I answered gravely.

"At all events we can hope for the best. I've been a poor comforter, but had news of any kind always has a depressing effect upon my nerves," and she ended with a faint, sweet smile.

I had learned my lesson to some purpose, and was not to be beguiled by this small display of graciousness. Perhaps I was hard and faithless, but my wound was bitter also.

That night I found a note on my dressing table. It recognized the writing instantly. What could Mr. St. John wish to say to me in this manner? Some neighbors had been in to spend the evening, and Mr. St. John had proved most entertaining.

I broke the seal with no little trepidation, and then drawing up the nearest chair, sat down to read.

It was not the passionate declaration of love one might expect from such a man, but a rather stately offer of his hand, fortune, Laurelwood, the place I had professed to hold in such high regard. It was kind and exquisitely worded, but the heart seemed left out, as if he were more desirous of saving me from hardship and making my outer life luxurious and pleasant, than aiming to reach any true and high soul existence. For a long while I sat in deep thought. The world would believe that I considered this the best means of retrieving my fallen fortunes, but what would he think? He had not made one appeal to my regard for himself. Did he really hold that women were always swayed by mercenary considerations, and that to satisfy these was the royal road to their hearts?

To live with him and not be allowed the fullest liberty to love, and to express it, would be simply torture. With me the regard must soon become a passion, and repression would be harder to endure than total loss and absence.

I will not deny that pride was strongly concerned. I thought he had not treated me fairly, justly. I had a right to expect something better at his hands.

I had somewhere read of a little boat floating over the sea, holding a slumbering lady, whose string of pearls had become unfastened, and the gems were slowly dropping into the water. She woke and grasped it, terrified at seeing her precious pearls slip away. I had been a traveller drifting down a sunny stream, gathering priceless pearls—human hearts. Now they began to drop away. Should I reach out my hand to save any?

Mr. St. John was calm and inscrutable at breakfast the next morning. No look or gesture on his part betrayed the slightest concern. I believe his very self-possession roused all the angry strength of my soul. I should never be able to decide whether he loved me, and must take my step in the darkness of unbelief.

I intended to answer him in his own fashion, and yet dreaded to say the fatal words, to cut myself off from hope. So I rambled about the grounds, lingering in shady nooks that I loved so well. It would be hard to go.

I came suddenly upon him at a turn in the path. For a moment we faced each other.

"Miss Adriance," he said in a strange, husky tone, yet with a touch of fierce impatience, "you must have read my note. Answer me now—I cannot wait."

The old imperious manner. There was no instinct of selfhood in me. I would not be forced into fetters. Every drop of blood in my veins revolted.

"It is easily said. No man's gold can buy my heart."

"Really?"

It was an ill chosen word. One bitter lightning glance that seemed to search the very springs of life, and he turned—was lost to me. Should I utter one cry of agony and bring him back?

When I could rouse myself from this stupor I continued my walk. An interposing fate had settled all my perplexity. I was quite free to go. But Eve's wall of desolation seemed home to me on every breath of the summer air. It would be tending body and soul asunder. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gluten is the adhesive portion of grain, and, dietetically considered, it is the most important part, as it furnishes the most material for the building up of the tissues. It is a grayish, tough, elastic substance, and may be obtained by washing the starch away from flour. Red wheat contains more gluten than white wheat.

The following curious calculation has been made of the number of changes of which the kaleidoscope is capable. Supposing the instrument to contain twenty pieces of glass, etc., and that you make ten changes in each minute, it will take the inconceivable space of 462,880,899,576 years and 360 days to go through the immense variety of changes it is capable of producing, amounting (according to our frail idea of the nature of things) to an eternity. Or, if you take only twelve small pieces, and make ten changes in each minute, it will then take 38,254 days, or 91 years and 49 days, to exhaust its variations.

La Situation, a journal begun in Hanover soon after the battle of Sedan, never had more than three hundred and fifty subscribers, but in less than one year its proprietors spent \$300,000. When its time came to die, the owners behaved in a princely manner. Each editor received a year's salary as compensation for his loss of place; the share of the chief editor being \$12,000.

The Congressional Globe of the Thirty-seventh Congress contains two speeches, one made in March and the other in April, by different gentlemen, which are duplicates, the Bohemian who undertook to supply them having sold the same speech to both purchasers. This is but a repetition, however, of what happened in Philadelphia in 1790, when a ready writer furnished one of the "letters to constituents," in which Congressmen then aired their eloquence, to the Hon. John C. Calhoun, of the Thomas Claiborne, of the Brunswick district. Somehow the two letters were compared, and although each gentleman endeavored to show that the other stole the letter from him, their constituents refused to re-elect them.

A missionary writes from Harpoon, Asia, the site of the garden of Eden of Scripture, that the men there knit and bake, while the women do the drudgery, prepare all the fuel, and perform all of the severest out-door work—in fact have their "rights" to the very fullest extent.

The end of the universe is down on the bills of the Second Adventists for Oct. 2, 1908. This precludes the necessity of nominating Presidential candidates for the November election.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1908.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND. In order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Ideal Engraving) \$2.50; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies \$6.00; Eight copies (and one grade) \$10.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition. Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 50 subscribers at \$2.50 apiece—or for 25 subscribers at \$4.00—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price \$25. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays \$2.50, will get a large Premium Steel Engraving.

Address: HENRY PETERSON & CO., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

SYDNE ADRIANCE; OR, TRYING THE WORLD.

We began in THE POST of April 4th, the above novel by Miss Douglas.

It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest.

It will probably run through from fifteen to twenty numbers of THE POST.

THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

We have received the following communication from a young lady of Springfield, Ohio:—

MR. PETERSON:—Mr. Having been a reader and friend of THE POST for some years, I thought I would take the liberty of addressing you a few lines in regard to the "Prize Enigma" published in THE POST of February 1908.

There are some of us young ladies who think we have been imposed upon through the columns of THE POST by Mr. Parker alias Mr. Harbaugh.

We wish to know why Miss Lillie Osgood was entitled to the prize, and how her solution could be any more correct than the others? Mr. Harbaugh (as his name really is) is well known to us, and he said he intended it as an April fool, that he wanted to see how many photographs he would receive by the first of April; in other words, how many April fools, and that he did not intend sending a book to any one.

Therefore we doubt very much whether there is such a person in existence as Miss Lillie Osgood—there is his own, it is a fictitious name. We think it very strange he should lose her solution.

However his plan succeeded admirably, as he said he received 140 photographs; and thinking he would like to send an answer to THE POST, he sent one of his own composing in poetry, as he is quite a noted 'equil' of the rural town of Cass.

Hoping that it may be the last attempt of Mr. Harbaugh to "fool" the readers of THE POST, I remain yours, very respectfully, M.

All we have to say is, that if Mr. Parker, or Mr. Harbaugh—or whatever his name may be—has played the little game described by our correspondent, he has acted in a very mean and ungentlemanly manner. The book he offered was so inexpensive an one, that we could not suppose that any person claiming to be a gentleman, in a case where ladies undoubtedly would be concerned, would seek to evade the performance of his pledged word.

Of course we shall not decide against Mr. Harbaugh without giving him time and opportunity to defend himself. If he really did give the prize volume to Miss Lillie Osgood, from that lady (if there be such a lady) the requisite proof. It will be necessary of course to give the number and street of Miss Osgood's residence in Pittsburgh.

HOW TO TRAVEL COMFORTABLY.

Dr. Hall, in his "Journal of Health," ventilates an idea that probably has occurred to very many experienced gentlemen. He says:—

"Reader, there is human nature all over the world, is not that a tremendous truth? Most of us like to be noticed a little; we want to have some consideration, some attention shown to us, beyond what would be bestowed on plain Mr. John Smith, gentleman. The most that will be done for him will be to let him alone, and take care of himself the best way he can; but you, reader, would rather have some little fuss made over you; you would like to have the best room at hotels, the best berth on boats, railways, and steamships, the most comfortable seats at the table, and the best piece of turkey, roast beef, and porter-house. It is pleasant, too, to have waiters bow to you profoundly, and obsequious clerks and landladies to be ever at your elbow calling out, 'this way if you please, sir,' and opening a passage for you in every crowd."

"Will money do all this? No, sir. Will politeness secure it? Not at all. Will titles secure it? Not by any means; but there is a way by which all these attentions can be secured in whatever clime or country you may travel. Persons of all languages alike understand its power, and how to it with instinctive cordiality, and satisfaction too, because the article pays its way; it is cashed on sight wherever the sun shines on a community of human beings. We wonder if any reader has divined this universal talisman. Take a pretty girl along; if you have not a daughter or sister, look around among your country cousins, and wherever you find her pay her expenses, and in the long run you will find it largely remunerative in the direction we have named. We once took a really beautiful girl with our family, as nurse for our youngest child, and we shall never forget the partialities shown us everywhere; the fact is, it made such an impression on our mind that we resolved that if we ever made an important journey

again, we would arrange in some way to have some young, beautiful girl along."

Dr. Hall is right. It is almost impossible to travel comfortably in many portions of this country, without a lady—and the better looking the lady, the better often will be the accommodations. It will cost you no more proportionately, and your hotel accommodations will be at least twice as good, if you travel with a nice-looking lady instead of with a gentleman.

PARALYSIS.

"It is stated that a lady of Fauquier county, Va., was paralyzed a few days ago from excessive use of hair dye containing sugar of lead."

Paralysis has been so frequent of late, that we have wondered whether these hair dyes and hair washes were not often accountable for the mischief. Lead and nitrate of silver are the bases of nearly all of the compounds for restoring the color of the hair—the lead and silver, combined with sulphur, or even with the sulphur which is being continually evolved from the hair itself, producing a black dye.

Lead, especially, is so subtle a poison, that a man may use it for years without any apparent ill effects, and suddenly find that he is injured for life. Better by far to leave the hair and beard grow white, than incur the danger of impaired eye-sight or hearing, or of a sudden stroke of paralysis.

CO-OPERATIVE LIFE INSURANCE.—THE PUBLIC LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY have resolved to introduce the system of co-operative life insurance. The features of this new plan can be understood by consulting the programmes of the company. Among the Directors of the PUBLIC we perceive the names of Gov. Curtis, Robert F. King, ex-Sheriff Kern, Gen. Peter Lyle, J. M. Harding, Jay Cooke Sturdivant, etc. Office 123 South Fifth street, Philadelphia.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF ULYSSES S. GRANT, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF U. S. A. By HON. J. T. HEADLEY, author of "Washington and his Generals," "Napoleon and his Marshals," etc., etc. Sold by Subscription. Published by E. B. Treat & Co., New York. We give the following extract from this book, showing how a slight event might have changed the fortunes of Grant, if not of the country:—

GENERAL GRANT NEARLY CAPTURED.—He was often on picket line all alone endeavoring to ascertain from personal inspection more of the enemy's position and plans than he could obtain from the reports of his officers. On one of these occasions he came near falling into the hands of the enemy. It was at Chattanooga, while he was preparing for the battle of Missionary Ridge. Wishing to get a nearer view of the enemy, he often rode out on the picket line, and once was on the eastern bank of Chattanooga Creek, when a party of rebel soldiers were drawing water on the other side. They wore blue coats; and thinking they were his own men, Grant asked them to whom command they belonged. They answered, "Longstreet's corps;" whereupon Grant called out: "What are you doing in those coats, then?" The rebels replied: "Oh! all our corps wear blue." This was a fact which Grant had forgotten. The rebels then scrambled up on their own side of the stream, little thinking that they had been talking with the Commander of the national army.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED WOMEN. By C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE. Translated from the French by H. W. PRESTON. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

DOUBLY FALSE. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Fashion and Famine," "The Soldier's Orphan," "The Heiress," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

BEAUMARCHAIS. An Historical Novel. By E. BRACHVOGEL, author of "Narcissus," etc., etc. Translated from the German by THERESA J. RADFORD. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Fitcher, 808 Chestnut St., Phila.

Narrow-Minded Men.

It is the fashion to speak contemptuously of men whose ideas and objects are limited to narrow boundaries, within which they are content to pursue the even tenor of their way, knowing and caring nothing for what may lie beyond. The fashion is a bad one. Such men are eminently useful. Society would be a failure without them. Even a nation of such plodders would be more likely to prosper than a nation of "intellectual giants." The latter marshal mankind the way that they should go; but your narrow-minded men, with less head and more hand, make the roads that render the march in the right direction practicable.

To the great philosopher, deep in the mysteries of science, the farmer whose thoughts are exclusively devoted to his homestead and his crops may possibly seem a very insignificant being. Yet if husbandry did not feed the world, the world would not have much stomach for philosophy. Agricultural chemistry may point out ways to enrich the soil and make ten blades of grass grow where one grew before; but it is only through the cultivator of the earth that agricultural chemistry can be applied and rendered useful. Not, perhaps, because the discovery of a new plan for preventing the exhaustion of the soil was a grand development in science, would the man of acres adopt it. He might possibly have no sympathy with the enthusiasm of the discoverer. But show him that it will double the value of his farm, and he will warrant he will promptly approve and accept it. Thus his narrow-mindedness—of, in other words, his keen sense of his own and his family's interest—becomes the handmaid of science, and the unscrupulous utilitarian the best ally of genius. The prejudice that exists against narrow-minded men is not well founded. Their knowledge, though limited, is generally precise, and much may be learned of them by men of more comprehensive intellects. Without them the greatest of mankind would be a cipher—a Caesar without legionaries, an Alexander without a phalanx, a head without hands.

A New York paper says the paper hangers and paper makers are much excited just now with news of the invention of gutta percha paper, which for durability and imperviousness, surpasses all previous attempts at fabrication of damp-resisting medium. It is to be prepared for paper-hanging, and will very shortly be in the market.

LONGFELLOW.

The poet Longfellow recently sailed for Europe in the steamship Russia. The following beautiful poem, by Dr. O. W. Holmes, (says the *Advertiser*) was read at a private farewell dinner to the poet in Boston:—

Our Poet, who has taught the Western breeze,
To waft his songs before him o'er the seas,
Will find them wheresoe'er his wanderings reach
Borne on the spreading tide of English speech,
Twin with the rhythmic waves that kiss the farthest beach.

Where shall the singing bird a stranger be
That finds a nest for him in every tree?
How shall he travel who can never go
Where his own voice the echoes do not know.

Where his own garden-flowers no longer learn to grow?

Ah gentlest soul! how gracious, how benign
Breathes through our troubled life that voice of thine,
Filled with a sweetness born of happier spheres,
That wins and warms, that kindles, softens, cheers,
That calms the wildest woe and stays the bitterest tears!

Forgive the simple words that sound like praise;
The mist before me dims my gilded phrase;
Our speech at best is half alive and cold,
And save that tender moments make us bold,

Our whitening lips would close, their truest truth untold.

We who behold our Autumn sun below
The Scorpion's sign, against the Archer's bow,
Know well what parting means of friend from friend;

After the snows no freshening dews descend,
And what the frost has marred, the sunshine will not mend.

So we all count the months, the weeks, the days
That keep thee from us in unwonted ways,
Grieving to alien hearths our widowed time;

And one unwinds a clew of artless rhyme
To track thee, following still through each remotest clime.

What wishes, longings, blessings, prayers
Shall be
The most than golden freight that floats with thee!

And know, whatever welcome thou shalt find—
Thou who hast won the hearts of half mankind—
The proudest, fondest love thou leavest still behind!

May 23, 1868.

Silence and Health.

Few are aware that sound has a very important influence in preserving and restoring health. Indeed, man would die almost as soon in a world of supreme silence as in one of darkness. One of our best exchanges says, "Dr. Kane, and other Arctic voyagers, have all testified that in those regions 'where eternal silence reigns supreme,' the effect upon the brain and ear from the absence of sonorous impulses in the atmosphere is exceedingly annoying and absolutely injurious to the auditory nerves. As the organs of hearing are destroyed by loud and continued noise and an intense light will weaken and ultimately destroy the power of sight, so it would appear that the auditory, or optic nerve become impaired by the partial or total deprivation of their natural stimulus, sound or light. Dr. H. Ralls Smith, of Chicago, wishing experimentally to investigate this subject, recently spent a considerable length of time in the Kentucky Mammoth Cave, where silence and impenetrable darkness reigned supreme. The effect was very distressing and almost insupportable, resulting in temporary defection of hearing and aberration of mind. From his own experience this gentleman is firmly convinced that the blindness of the funny denizens of this cave has been brought about gradually through successive generations, and from his observations he is confident that the sense of hearing is almost wanting in these beings, although originally existing in the species when first immersed in their living tomb." Some sounds, however, have a much higher value than others. Take the vibrations of the air caused by shrieks, moans, and sobs; the sad, solemn sounds of some kinds of music, long continued. They would sicken the most robust; while on the other hand, the light, joyous, and beautiful sounds of other music; the sound of falling water, of rain on the roof, the peal of distant thunder, the tread of light-hearted, joyous children, the voice of mirth, the laugh of a happy child, the roll of the ocean, or the delightful breezes that play to and fro and fan our cheeks in summer, are all life and health giving. A band master informs us that when in the Army, weary soldiers on the march were much aided by the music of the band and would quicken their steps the moment it commenced. We all know how much it adds to the ease and pleasure of dancing, and even gymnastics is quadrupled in interest by music. The hygienic value of sound is not yet sufficiently appreciated. It might in the form of music be made to do a great deal more in all our health institutions than it now does.—*Journal of Health.*

THE PALINDROME.—The palindrome is a line that reads alike backward and forward. One of the best is Adam's first observation to Eve:—

"Madam, I'm Adam!"

Another is the story that Napoleon, when at St. Helena, being asked by an Englishman if he could have sacked London, replied:—

"Able was I ere I saw Elba."

The latter is the best palindrome, probably, in the language.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—The jury in the Supreme Court of New York returned a verdict of \$30,000 against the New Jersey Steamboat Company in favor of a Mr. Caldwell, who lost his feet by the memorable explosion on the steamer St. John, about a year ago. The Company give notice of an appeal.

"Grandma," said a sharp child, "do you want some candy?" "Yes, dear, I should like some." "Then if you buy me some I will give you a park."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE IMPEACHMENT.—The Impeachment Trial has ended by the acquittal of the President on three other articles, by 33 guilty to 19 not guilty, and the final adjournment of the Court without voting on the remainder.

SECRETARY STANTON RESIGNS.—Secretary Stanton has sent a letter to the President, resigning his position as Secretary of War.

The nomination of General Schofield has been confirmed.

GEN. GRANT'S ACCEPTANCE.—The Committee of the National Republican Convention called on Gen. Grant on the 29th, and through Gen. Hawley notified him of his nomination. Gen. Grant replied as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen—I will endeavor in a very short time to write you a letter accepting the trust you have imposed upon me. Expressing my gratitude for the confidence you have placed in me, I will now say but little orally, and that is to thank you for the unanimity with which you have selected me as a candidate for the Presidential office. I can say, in addition, that I looked on during the progress of the proceedings at Chicago with a great deal of interest, and am gratified with the harmony and unanimity which seems to have governed the deliberations of the Convention. If chosen to fill the high office for which you have selected me, I will give to its duties the same energy, the same spirit and the same will that I have given to the performance of all duties which have devolved upon me heretofore. Whether I shall be able to perform these duties to your entire satisfaction time will determine.

You have truly said in the course of your address that I shall have no policy of my own to interfere against the will of the people.

Mr. Colfax was also notified, and replied in an appropriate address.

BENTON.—The statue of Thomas H. Benton was inaugurated at St. Louis on the 28th. It was unveiled by Mrs. Benton Fremont, and the inaugural address was delivered by Gen. Frank P. Blair. Business was partially suspended throughout the city. The statue is by Miss Hosmer.

THE REFORMED PRESBYTERIANS.—Mr. Geo. H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, was suspended on the 29th, by the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church at Pittsburgh, for singing hymns and communing with Christians of other denominations. The Philadelphia members voting in favor of suspension were Dr. Crawford, Dr. Steel, John Scott, and John Holmes, against Dr. Wylie, Dr. Sterret, Dr. McAuley, and R. H. McMunn. Not voting—Alex. Row.

PROTESTANT CONFESSION.—One of the New York papers gives an account of an interview between one of its reporters and Rev. Dr. Dix, Rector of Trinity Church, with reference to a recent allegation of the Catholic World, that confession was a regular practice in that parish, and not only that, but that Bishop Potter himself was favorably inclined to it. The Doctor was rather non-committal on the subject, and parried the questions put to him by the reporter with admirable dexterity. He said he did nothing that was not sanctioned by ancient usage and the rubrics of the Church; besides, he usually did as he saw fit in matters of that kind, and he was not aware that it was the business of anybody but himself.

JUDGE CHASE.—Chief Justice Chase has authorized the Cleveland Leader to say that he would not accept a nomination from the Democratic party for any office.

ITEMS.—The Supreme Court of Ohio has declared the "Visible Admixture" bill, passed by the Legislature of that state, to be unconstitutional.

Lord Brougham lost the use of his memory some weeks before his death; was not allowed by his physician to sustain conversation for more than one minute, and at the last was awake only a few seconds at a time.

The Government of North Germany has abolished imprisonment for debt.

The Massachusetts Senate, by a vote of 16 to 9, has rejected a bill abolishing corporal punishment in the schools of that state.

The famous Kit Carson died at Fort Lyon, Colorado, on the 23d of May.

Six citizens of Hamburg, S. C., have been arrested for trial by military commission for having prevented the holding of a political meeting by freedmen.

THE ERUPTIONS AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The N. Y. Herald's special correspondence from the Sandwich Islands gives a detailed account of the great earthquakes and volcanic eruptions that took place on the Island of Hawaii during the first days of April. The first fire was seen to issue from Mauna Loa at three different points. A stream of lava one mile wide ran down the mountain at a terrific rate for about three days. Fire and lava again appeared at another point, Kahuku, on the 7th of April. The stream rushed onwards to the sea, on entering which the heat generated a dense column of steam which rose high toward the heaven. Previous to the eruption a cumulus of smoke rose from the crater to a height of nearly eight miles. A strange circumstance is the forming of a loose red clayey soil out of the volcano. This covered an area one mile wide by two miles long, and was heaped up in some places to the height of thirty feet. The scene as described in the letter of an eye witness, was one of the grandest on record.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Derby race took place on Epsom Downs, on May 27th. The race was won by Sir Joseph Hawley's bay colt, Blue Gown. The time was 2 min. 44 sec.

Telegrams from Sidney, say that Prince Alfred has left for England in command of his ship, the steam frigate Galatea. He was quite well. Farrell, the attempted assassin of the Prince, was executed on April 22nd. Barrett, the Fenian, who was convicted of causing the Clerkenwell explosion, was hanged at Newgate, on the 26th of May.

PRUSSIA.—Prussia has taken the initiative in the proposed general disarmament. By command of King William, a reduction is to be made in the Landwehr.

TURKEY.—A very formidable revolt has just broken out in the Province of Bosnia, in Turkey. Troops are being pushed forward from Constantinople to quell the disorder.

GALLICIA.—Despatches from Warsaw report that bands of Polish exiles, who have been recruited in France, have appeared on the frontier of Galicia, and are making riotous demonstrations. It is believed that Langiewicz, the leader of the Polish insurrection, is at their head.

A Happy Home.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

Ladies—We may truly say with Tupper,
"Oh, happy lot, and hallowed, even as the
joy of angels,
Where the golden chain of godliness is en-
twined with the roses of love."

But when husbands and wives talk of their
rights of the other's duty, we fear they
have fallen short of that high and perfect
unity which makes one forgetful of self.
Those who truly love are bound by better,
brighter links than those of right, or duty,
even. There are exacting women with whom
a husband even never feels the freedom of
love, but is always in bondage to courtesy or
ceremony. I remember that air of triumph
with which one of these opened a letter from
her husband, written within an hour after
she left him, saying, as she read, "There! I
knew I should hear from him soon; for he
forgot to ask me to write to him when he
took leave of me at the cars, and he knew I
would not send a word, if I stayed away all
winter, unless he asked me to do so." To
this I said, "It is not possible that you need
an assurance from your husband that he
wants to hear from you?" She answered,
"No doubt he is always very anxious for
letters when I am away, but he has got to
ask for them if he gets them, and he knows
it too."

The way in which married persons speak
of their life partners, is often suggestive as
to the grade or character of the relationship
they sustain to each other. For instance,
when a wife says, with an air of contentment,
"My husband is very indulgent," it
suggests childhood, rather than intelligent,
helpful, loving partnership. Or when the
husband leaves an invalid wife in my care,
and tells me he does not want me to allow
her to do thus and so, it conveys the same
idea.

We often hear it said of a husband that
he is fond of his wife; well, so he is of his
steak and coffee, and it seems as if she were
placed in the same category of creature com-
forts. When a wife evidently wishes to say
the least possible of her husband, assures us
he is a "good provider," you conclude he is
to her like the Dutch woman's husband,
"the most convenientest thing about the
house, except her new cooking-stove." Now
marriage in its true estate implies good
providing on the part of both, as far as pos-
sible.

To sustain a good home requires not only
a steady income, but an intelligent expendi-
ture. A loving wife, with health and sense
will make the family supplies last like the
widow's cruse of oil, but, lacking these, she
will soon breed a famine or bring her hus-
band to bankruptcy.

All cool calculations as to whether a man
can afford to marry, grate harshly on the
soul of real womanhood. As if a wife was
to be an expensive luxury, like a fine house
or a fast horse, that one must have a good
income to sustain in proper style. We don't
wonder that thoughtful, reliable young men
are afraid to marry, lest they shall not be
able to meet home's expenses. The way in
which our girlish graduates ignore domestic
work; the smirk and sneer with which they
shirk everything that helps to cover the body
or supply the stomach, is enough to make
one afraid to become a responsible partner
with such. Poor pictures, poor music, and
poor bread make a poor home, even when it
is warmed with an abundance of gay
worsted work. Beside this, the way in which
a multitude of modern wives whine and
worry about their domestic cares, is enough
to disgust any sensible man and make him
dread family responsibilities. Yes, we are
sorry that our best young men are afraid to
marry, but we do not wonder at it. No
men's hearts grow dry and women's deso-
late, for want of that companionship which
is found only in a well assorted marriage.
Woman alone in the world often seems to
stand as a cipher, at the right side of right
the man she counts on; at the wrong side of
the wrong man she is like a decimal, and di-
minish him tenfold. If our young folks
were as ready to begin housekeeping in a
small way as their parents did, and the
young wife was, like her grandmother, a
helpmeet indeed, then they could go on
comfortably, even with a small salary, and
the number of indigent husbands and invalid
wives would be greatly diminished. Begin-
ning with a fine establishment, which in-
vites much company and calls for a
retinue of servants, the young mistress fails,
under the combined cares of housekeeping
and maternity. If she has no children she
is usually worse off still. A story to illus-
trate. I was called to a thriving town in the
southern part of the state to see an invalid
wife. The husband, a briar man with a
world of business on hand, met me at the
station. As we made our way through the
finest street to a first-class residence, he told
me this story, which is a fair sample of many
I hear. He had married a country girl in
good health, who had helped a widowed
mother to do their work. He had brought
her to a home of abundance, furnished her
with plenty of hired help, and though un-
burdened with business or babies, she had
broken in health, and what was still more
discouraging, he had brought the best of
physicians, and yet she was no better, but
rather worse. He was disgusted with the
doctors, though they were his personal
friends, and had sent for me to see whether
he must always have a sick wife; if so, he
must bear it. He loved her, and would be
glad to make her well and happy, if he knew
how, but he was unable to do either. Well,
we found the invalid wife in an easy chair,
handsomely attired, her pretty slippers resting
on an embroidered stool. She was a woman
of fine physical organization, power
enough of mind and body to accomplish
great good, if well directed, and to work
much mischief if misused. It seemed that
without any acute sickness, or assignable
cause, she had become dyspeptic, weak in
the back, and unable to walk. She had been
treated for all manner of infirmities, special
and general, and still had grown steadily
worse. When the husband took me back to
the railroad station, he said,

"Do you know what is the matter with
my wife?"
"Yes."
"Will you tell me?"
"Yes, if you are ready for the truth."
"I am!" he answered.

"Well, you are occupied with your store,
your farm, and your mill, which satisfies
your business ability, and as to your social
nature, you are generous and kind, but not
demonstrative. That beautiful wife of yours
has nothing to do but to think of her house,
think of her dress, think of you. The result
is, she has all kinds of longings, when you

are out of sight, and no real rest when you
return; for with your head and hands full
of business, you have not much time for
petting and caressing her, when you are at
home. Hence, when you are gone, she fears
she does not please you, and gets a heart-
ache, which, when it is chronic, begets all
manner of aches, from top to toe, and es-
pecially simulates, and often induces that
class of infirmities which bear the very dis-
agreeable cognomen of 'Female Diseases.'

The strong man listened to all this and
much more, with the quiet deference of a
child, and said, with a sigh,
"I guess you are right! Has she told you
this?"
"No," I replied; "she is deluded with the
idea that she is diseased."

"Well," said he, "what can I do about
it? I thought I had done well for her, when
I took her from domestic drudgery and
placed her in this nice home, with every
thing at hand."

"Put you in such a place," I replied,
"and thus cramp your energies, and you
would be restless as a lion, and cross as a
bear, instead of meekly dreaming yourself
into desponding invalidism."

"Oh, I could not live so!" he replied.
Neither can a woman who has any real
soul. When "olive plants" are plenty to
care for, a woman may have head, hand
and heart well employed. But in the lack of
these, she must have other work. We talk
of maiden ladies growing selfish, nervous
and exacting, or, as we say, "notional," but
I have seen more married ladies than ancient
maidens who bear these marks. Husbands,
over-indulgent, often intensify these pecu-
liarities, and then grow weary of what they
have induced. They often pet and circum-
scribe her healthful energies, and then won-
der why she grows so weak and exacting.

A very distinguished statesman, whom I greatly
respect, was conferring with me in reference
to his invalid wife, feeling sorry that she
had lost her native energy and cheer. I told
him she had nothing to do which would keep
either alive. And so we had a pleasant pa-
ley, not on politics, but on woman's needs;
he maintaining that his wife was much too
delicate to do anything, and I that she
would be delicate until she did do some-
thing. But seriously, many good men, wise
men, generous men, fail to see that they
should help their wives and daughters to
some encouraging, ennobling work. In-
firmities, both imaginary and real, would be
lessened, cured often, by some occupation
corresponding with the needs of head and
heart.

The sorrow and solicitude which many
have from the fear that they are not ap-
preciated, not loved, would vanish before useful
work, like mist before the rising sun. Al-
most every wife sees in her husband not
only some manly elements, which first won
her heart, but also some peculiarities which
try her spirit somewhat, perhaps sorely. On
the latter she often dwells till it wears and
wears, and she says with a sigh, "I have
one of the best of husbands, but he is pecu-
liar and don't seem to understand me, he
was differently brought up;" or, "Men can't
appreciate a woman's sensibilities;" or,
"This is just what I thought I could never
bear in a husband; if it had been anything
else, I could have stood it better." Well,
perhaps it is just what is hardest for you to
endure, and if so, it is doubtless just what
you most needed. Just as the intelligent
gymnast, or skillful physician giving Swedish
Movements, taxes those muscles which are
debilitated by disease, so our mental and
moral natures reflect its dormant power, and
are aroused and strengthened by the bearing
of that which we think we cannot and will
not endure. As the German women walk
strong and erect by the burdens they carry
on their heads, so the Christian woman's
spiritual nature is steeled and strengthened
by every load she sustains well.

We have been surprised to see how strong
and beautiful some women have grown,
whose lots seem to us very hard; and we
have been more surprised to see how weak
and selfish some have become, who seem-
ingly had multiplied social blessings. Our
Lord said truly, "In the world ye shall have
tribulation, but in me ye might have peace."
Not merely petty, poetical trials, such as
over sensitive ones find, and idealists make,
but real, genuine trouble, which is hard to
bear, and can only be borne aright, by the
aid of the Good Spirit. As to whether trials
come as direct Fatherly discipline, or through
the Prince of evil, as Job was tried, we will
not attempt to decide, for, in either case, if
we find the heavenly Helper, we shall be
bettered thereby. The best of saints often
seem to suffer most from sinners, and per-
haps thereby realize the exceeding sinfulness
of sin, and the most perfect of peace-
makers have passed through the most heart-
rending trials.

Those who live merely to be pretty and
happy, fall short, physically and spiritually,
of that unto which they should attain.
Those happy unions where both parties live
to please each other, develop a devotion
which is truly charming; but if they know
no higher aim in life than to please, they are
not strong in the Lord. Their piety is of
the ethereal type rather than the self-de-
nying. Women who thus live have a sort of
refined selfishness, which often shows them
to be very unlike Him who pleased not him-
self. When bereaved, their "idol is broken,
their earth-star is fled," and they have to
hunt anew for the heavenly Light which they
once thought they had found.

"But," says one, "why do we find so
many women delicate, diseased, in the most
charming of Christian homes, with the most
considerate of husbands at the head of the
same—homes, where all that wealth, intelli-
gence and affection can do is done to make
the inmates healthy and happy; where farm,
garden and greenhouse; where libraries,
parlors and boudoirs; where music, paint-
ing, and statuary, all unite to gratify every
sense?" Such are truly overburdened by
beauties and blessings. Excess enfeebles as
surely as a scarcity. The life led by such
women begets an over-sensitive nervous sys-
tem. They fail of that muscular as well as
moral tonic, which is mysteriously given
those who live simply that they may help
others more abundantly. Those whose chief
aim is to beautify themselves and their sur-
roundings, never find the true fountain of
strength and cheer. We saw in our late war
how much "weak women" could do when
strengthened by the consciousness of a
greatly needed work. Wives and mothers in
private life are quietly teaching this lesson
every day, and few know that their strength
comes not from themselves, but with their
work.

When husband and wife stand hand to
hand, heart to heart, they are strong in the
Lord and to each other. If we live in Christ,
we shall both labor and suffer with him, be-
cause of this world of sin. Paul says, "Bear
ye one another's burdens," and then, lest

any should think by this that they might
lean heavily, says also, "Let every one bear
his own burdens."—The Herald of Health.

Where to Go?

Among the recent questions and answers
at the New York Farmers' Club was the fol-
lowing:—

INQUIRIES FROM A MAN AT THE HUB.—
K. L. Benjamin, Boston, Mass.: The writer
has, from nothing, scrubbed together about
\$15,000, here in New England, and finds it
just sufficient to make him and his family
miserable, especially the family, who con-
tinually desire, and think they can afford to
ape the extravagance of their richer rela-
tives and neighbors, thus making it impos-
sible for the nominal "head," but actual
tail, of the family, either to enjoy his pos-
sessions or to increase them. After con-
siderable reflection I have come to the con-
clusion that my earthly salvation must come
through going West. But to what particular
state is the stickler. From what I have been
able to gather, imperfectly, I have thought
that Kansas or Nebraska might suit me as
well as any. I desire a healthy climate,
milder than New England—hardly any, it
seems to me, could be worse—good schools,
having several young children to train and
educate, and a good soil, favorable to the
growth of a large variety of fruits in abun-
dant. I am not ambitious to become a
farmer on a large scale, but I should like a
garden of several acres, which would yield
both pleasure and profit, and I should like
near some young growing city, where I
could witness human as well as vegetable
development, or it might suit me to engage
in active business for a part of each day,
Sundays, perhaps, excepted. I believe that
people who conclude to omit the rural part
of a programme in their lives either through
laziness or ignorance, no matter how much
money they succeed in amassing, don't half
know the pleasure which an earthly exist-
ence is capable of affording. Now, who will
tell me about Kansas and Nebraska? What
sort of a place is Omaha, and its surround-
ings?

REPLY.—This plan of yours is by no means
new. Thousands of men have carried it out
near Western towns; they cultivate a little
land, and keep a horse and cow; everything
about the place is as war work; they have
early cucumbers and potatoes, and they
make it a rule to ride into town every
day, where they hang around banks, in-
surance offices, and book stores; they buy
clothes, always pay down, and are dreaded by
shopkeepers; they are cautious, and seldom
engage in any enterprise unless it be to buy a
block and build a few houses to rent, or
shave notes, but, considering their means
and opportunities, they accomplish little, for
they are respectable loafers. But even this
class is about to be exploded in these high
pressure days. Take your case for example.
If you must be near a town where there are
churches, good schools and society, you will
find Boston ideas come in by every train. In
Omaha, Leavenworth, Lawrence, Topeka, or
almost any other Western town, a family is
vulgar and low, and of course cannot enter
the first society, if it has more than two
children, and it is the fashion to have these
die as soon as convenient. Sir, to be happy,
you must either get away from a town, or
be so poor as to wish you had never gone
there. You and yours are wanted in the in-
terior, and there, with your \$15,000, you
can cut some figure. Go down into the
Neosho country, in Kansas, as much as 20
miles from a town, buy 3,000 acres of land,
build a comfortable house, plant an orchard
of 50 or 100 acres, raise stock, do not be in
a hurry with any business till you learn it, get
a school teacher, if you want a preacher, buy
one, and set up a country of your own. Your
boys can ride after stock on Indian
ponies, your wife can keep geese, and have
Indian girls to do housework, and you will
have everything in abundance. Naturally,
you will keep tavern, as all the country gen-
tlemen do in the Southwest, when you will
have a plenty of company and get pay for it.
This was the way old Hickory lived, and Jeffer-
son, and Madison, and Washington. Mon-
taigne wrote his beautiful Essays in such a
rural home, and such is the life of the En-
glish gentlemen and lords of the manor. In
20 years you will have an estate worth
\$100,000; yourself will be County Judge,
member of the Legislature, or, perhaps,
Governor; your girls will wear earrings four
inches long, and your wife will be the
grandest lady in those parts, while she will
do more honor to Boston than Boston can do
to her.

The manufacturers are funny fel-
lows. Other interests—jobbers, publishers,
mechanics, farmers—when their business is
bad, quietly "grin and bear it." But the
manufacturer, after making perhaps \$50,000
a year for ten years, suddenly finds himself
making only \$10,000. Immediately he sets
up a howl as if the world were coming to an
end—holds conventions, starts off delega-
tions to Congress—wants something done,
not to help everybody, and he as one of
them, but to help him in particular, careless
as to what becomes of the rest of mankind.

The dead body of a man discovered in
the cupboard of an unfinished house in
the suburbs of London, has been identified
by so many persons, that the police are now
plunged in doubt. Each individual is positively
certain that he can recognize the remains as
those of a friend.

"Hiram," said a down East farmer
to his "hired man," who was working in a
field, "it looks as if it might rain. 'Spose
you leave off work and go play dig cellar."
Some lady writer in the Brooklyn
Lion says:—"The signs of the times are
pregnant with matrimony. The winds whisper
it, the forests echo it, and the stars tremble
for joy."

A lady in New York sent a request to
a friend to accompany her to Grace Church.
The reply came back: "Sorry, but I'm
dressed for St. Paul's."

Jackson Haines, the American cham-
pion skater, has recently performed in the
principles of Hungary. At Pesth not
less than five thousand persons witnessed
his wonderful performance, and the Magyar
aristocracy lavished the most flattering proofs
of their admiration upon him.

"Myneer, do you know for what
we call our boy Hans?" "Really I do not."
"Well, I'll tell you; der reason we call our
boy Hans—das ish his name."

Speaking of suicide: There is an ex-
cellent French saying: "I do not under-
stand suicide. Life is too short for one to
have time for impudence with it."

London is astonished by the per-
formances of a young lady from Batavia,
who accomplishes the useless feat of playing
two airs with each hand on the piano-forte
and sings a fifth simultaneously, thus beating
"Blind Tom" out and out.

A Strange Dream and a Wedding.

One of the happiest men that ever jour-
neyed a hundred miles from Michigan, took
the Toledo express recently, at Fremont,
bound for Toledo and his home in Michigan.
He told a strange story, of which the fol-
lowing is the substance:

Some weeks since, while at home in Michi-
gan, he retired to rest after a hard day's
work, and falling asleep, dreamed a dream.
He appeared to have taken a long journey
from "home," where he had been located
for years, and had scarcely lost sight of, and
where he had lived "a happy old back,"
and never thought of matrimony.

In that dream a vision appeared unto him.
He arrived at a place in Ohio, called Fre-
mont. It appeared that soon after his ar-
rival in that place he formed the acquaintance
of a young lady, and that after a short but
happy courtship, he married her and return-
ed to his home in Michigan, where he be-
came wealthy, lived happily, and raised a
numerous family of children, and in time
trotted his grandchildren upon his knee. He
then awoke; it was broad daylight, and his
mother was at his door calling him down to
breakfast.

At the breakfast-table he related his dream
to the old lady, and she was deeply impres-
sioned by it. He told her it was his intention
at once seek out the beautiful creature of
whom he had dreamed; and the old lady,
believing there was a special providence in
it, and being also a firm believer in dreams,
advised him by all means to go and find her
if he could, and if he couldn't find her, to
bring back an Ohio girl any way, "for you
know," said she, "the Ohio girls are right
smart." So John packed up his little ward-
robe and took the first train out for Ohio,
and lost no time in reaching Fremont.

When he arrived at that place he was sur-
prised to discover that the sign at the depot,
containing the name of the place, was an
exact duplicate of the one he had seen in
his dream, and that the depot building and
general appearance of the city corresponded
exactly with his vision. He put up at the
Kepler House and began his search. For two
or three days he was unsuccessful, but finally,
just before he was on the point of re-
turning home, he came face to face with a
maiden at the post-office. "Tis she," said
he, all to himself, and then he walked up
manfully and told her his story, his dream,
and of his place in Michigan, and frankly
asked her to share his lot with him.

She said something about its being sud-
den; she would rather wait a few days be-
fore giving an answer; but he was deter-
mined to have it there and then, and she
finally said she was all his own. He accom-
panied her to her home, and that evening he
told her fond plans about it. And they
pronounced it good. The day following
they were married, and at once commenced
their journey Michigan-ward.

The man was a fine looking fellow, and so
happy that he could scarcely contain him-
self. He protested roundly that it was the
woman he saw in his dream that he had met
and married, and that all, from first to last,
had been exactly as he pictured in his
dream. The lady was a pleasant appearing,
comely looking lady, a few years younger
than the man, and seemed to be brimful of
fun, and to enjoy the novelty of the thing
fully as much as her husband. Take them
all in all, they were well matched, and were
undoubtedly made for each other. He said
only one thing was lacking to make his hap-
piness complete, and that was the fulfill-
ment of the latter part of his dream.—
Cleveland Leader.

American Song Birds.

A homesick Englishman, said to be
Charles Mackay, residing on Staten Island,
N. Y., gives expression to his feelings in
some dolorous lines which appear in "All the
Year Round." After describing the scenery
he says he "misses the music of the groves
in leafy Staten Island:"

"There's not a bird in glen or shaw
That has a note worth hearing;
Unvoiced all as barn-door fowls,
Or land-rails in the clearing."

"Give me the skylark far aloft
To heaven upon singing, soaring;
Or nightingale, at close of day,
Lamenting but adoring!"

In explanation of this statement the editor
of "All the Year Round" feels called upon
to say that "in America there are
neither daisies, nor primroses, nor skylarks,
nor nightingales, nor any bird with a mus-
tard note except the mocking-bird, which is
not often heard north of Maryland."

This slur upon our American song-birds
must not pass without notice. We acknowl-
edge our lack of daisies and primroses,
though we think we can show wild flowers
quite as beautiful, but we deny that we
have no bird with a musical note. Many of
our songsters are as sweet singers as their
boasted English rivals, though not so often
heard. And it is just here that our English
cousins have the advantage of us. Their
song-birds are familiar. The skylark soars
singing to heaven's gate from her lowly nest
in the field, and its musical notes are a
homelike sound. But our sweetest singers
are shy and solitary, like the melodious
wood thrush, whose notes heard in the deep
recesses of the forest are never forgotten.

The hermit thrush, too, equals the nightingale
in a song, but is seldom seen about the
haunts of men. One who has ever listened,
as we have, on a mountain top, at close of
day, to the long drawn notes, ending with a
double trill, of the white-throated sparrow,
would cease to regret the absence of even
the skylark. The notes linger in the memory
long after they are heard. The brown
thrush, too, is only inferior to the mocking-
bird in musical talents. But as we have
said most of our sweetest singers are of
retiring habit, while those familiar about
our fields, as the robin and the sparrow, have
but a chirping or twittering note.

QUACKERY.—At a recent lecture before
the medical class of Bellevue College, the
professor said in treating a case of scarlet
fever, it was the worst kind of quackery to
give drug medicines; that proper nursing
and hygienic agents were all sufficient, and
that the usual remedies of the profession
did much harm and often caused death. If
this be true, there is an immense amount
of quackery in the profession, for the drug
treatment is still advised in the medical
books.

A young woman in Richmond, Va.,
who rejected a lover three or four years ago,
has just received notice from the young
man's administrator that all his property,
amounting in value to about \$20,000, was
bequeathed to her. Go, all young women,
and do likewise!

Hesist the Beginning.

The Arabs have a fable of a miller, who
was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust
in the window of the room where he was
sleeping. "It is very cold outside," said
the camel; "I only want to get my nose in."
The miller was let in, then the neck, and
finally the whole body. Presently the miller
began to be extremely inconvenienced by the
ungainly companion he had obtained, in a
room certainly not large enough for both.
"If you are inconvenient, you may leave,"
said the camel; "as for myself, I shall stay
where I am."

The moral of the fable concerns all. When
temptation occurs, we must not yield to it.
We must not allow so much as its "nose" to
come in. Everything like sin is to be turned
away from. He who yields even the
smallest degree will soon be entirely over-
come; and the last state of that man is
worse than the first.

A visitor at a school in Michigan saw
the flag of our country arranged on the wall
of a schoolroom, nearly one-half of which it
covered. He thought to "improve" the oc-
casion in a patriotic way, and with that
purpose, asked one of the pupils what the
flag was there for. "To cover up the dirt,"
said the prompt reply. We are sorry to
say that the flag is often used by corrupt
politicians with just such an object—"to
cover up the dirt."

LOSS OF HAIR.

From a Chicago Merchant.

CHICAGO, March 4, 1893.
Messrs Joseph Burnett & Co.—Gentlemen: I send
you a statement regarding the wonderful efficacy of
your COCOONINE in the case of my wife. In several
cases of severe sickness occurring during the past
year, she in each case lost a large portion of her
hair, but the use of your COCOONINE invariably proved
a remedy. Its effect in each instance has been truly
wonderful, causing a thick growth of hair. Very
long, and the subject of much remark by all of her
friends. She uses the COCOONINE constantly, and I am
confident no longer or thicker hair can be found on
any lady's head. In addition it certainly beautifies
the hair beyond any other dressing, and is free from
the matting and soiling properties of pomades and
other oils.
Yours, truly,
S. PAUL.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Cocoon) Are Invaluable as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

Bile in the stomach can be suddenly eliminated
by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in
number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when
specimens of solid matter from the blood or a serious
fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better
than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give an un-
pleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the
system; they purge easily, are mild in operation,
and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly
coated with gum. They contain nothing but
purely vegetable properties, and are considered by
high authority the best and safest purgative known.
They are recommended for the cure of all disorders
of the stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases,
Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever,
Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms
resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs.
Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

maris-cow-er

Noth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those BROWN
DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "Perry's Noth and
Freckle Lotion." Prepared only by Dr. B. C.
PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.
Sold everywhere. sp11-4m

"It Works Like a Charm."

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Headache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Toothache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Neuralgia!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Cholera Morbus!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Rheumatism!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Lamebacks!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Stomach Pains!
Sold by Druggists, Merchants and Grocers.

WILLIAM RENNE sole Proprietor,
Pittsfield, Mass.
For sale in Philadelphia by Johnson, Holloway &
Cowden, 608 Arch street. my30-3m

THE people have been so much imposed upon by
several worthless Sarsaparillas, that we are glad to
be able to recommend a preparation which can be
depended on as containing the virtues of that inval-
uable medicine, and is worthy of the public con-
fidence. Dr. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures when
anything can cure the diseases that require an
active medicine.

ONE Ounce of GOLD will be given for every ounce
of adulteration found in "B. T. Rabbit's Lion Col-
fec." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed
"hermetically," under letters patent from the United
States Government. All this "Aroma" is saved,
and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance.
Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty
percent stronger than other pure "Coffee." One
can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback.
For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at
Philadelphia. feb22-1y

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT will effect a cure in cases
of Gout and Rheumatism after all other remedies
have failed. Be not deceived, ye who suffer with
these racking pains—this salve is your only hope.

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied
by a responsible name.

On the 20th of May, by the Rev. Andw. Manship,
Mr. WILLIAM T. BROWN, of this city, to Miss SA-
LIE BROWN, formerly of Attleboro, Bucks county, Pa.
On the 20th of May, by the Rev. Jos. T. Cooper,
D. D., Mr. HENRY GIBSON to Miss HENRIETTA
QUICKER, both of this city.
On the 20th of May, by the Rev. M. D. KRIS, Mr.
JOHN D. BROWN to Miss CAROLINE B. THURLEIGH,
both of Salem county, N. J.
On the 22nd of April, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson,
Mr. JOHN BARNES to Miss LAVINA C. LECHLER,
both of this city.
On the 10th of May, by the Rev. S. N. Chew, Mr.
CHARLES C. HAINES to Miss KATE C. LERKE, both
of this city.
On the 10th of May, by the Rev. W. J. PAXSON,
Mr. JOHN M. LAMBERT to Miss CAROLINE HESLER,
both of this city.

DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accom-
panied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of May, Mr. SAMUEL RIDGEWAY, aged
56 years.
On the 25th of May, Mrs. JANE ADAMS, in her 83d
year.
On the 25th of May, HANNAH W. STEEL, in her 83d
year.
On the 21st of May, HENRY HENDERSON, aged
78 years.
On the 24th of May, ELIZABETH F. WERNER, aged
69 years.
On the 25th of May, Mr. WILLIAM BUTLER, aged 52
years.
On the 25th of May, MARGARET B. WAGNER, in
her 95th year.
On the 22d of May, THOMAS E. PROCTOR, in his 64d
year.
On the 22d of May, Mr. EDWARD COATES, aged 21
years and 7 months.
On the 21st of May, CLARA EDWARDS, in her
73d year.

GIPSY EYES.

Gipsy eyes, so dark and tender,
Read not thus my inmost soul;
Gipsy beauty, in thy splendor,
Of this heart accept the whole.
Dark as wine thy silken tresses,
Twined with braids of varied dyes—
Thou who spurnest my caresses,
Drink 'till my soul up through thine eyes.
Fair Gipsana, Gipsy beauty,
Thou art queen, it needs but seeing.
Since to love thee is a duty,
Drain not thus my whole life's being!

Gipsy eyes, so deep and earnest,
Turn their gaze, sweet maid, from me,
Since to ashes thus thou burnest
This poor heart unspittingly.
Spare me, Gipsy—I adore thee—
Dream of thee by night and day.
As I bow me here before thee,
Drop those lids and spare to slay.
Fair Gipsana, Gipsy beauty,
Thou art queen—there's no gainsaying.
Since to love thee is a duty,
Spare thy lover, humbly praying.

Gipsy eyes—your soul-lit beaming
Fills my spirit night and day.
Gipsy maid, amid my dreaming
Thy sweet presence haunts me aye;
Though the dance's wildest measure
I should seek to fly from thee,
In the midst of mirth and pleasure
Thy dark glance would follow me.
Fair Gipsana, Gipsy beauty,
Thou art queen—I must adore thee.
Since to love thee is a duty,
Low my spirit bows before thee.

Gipsy eyes, why ever haunt me,
Where'er my steps may stray?
Naught on earth could ever daunt me,
Could I bask 'neath you for aye;
Pride might flout me, wealth might shun
I, no fairer fate would ask.
Than that your pure light should sun me,
While in your sweet rays I bask.
Fair Gipsana, Gipsy beauty,
As your dark eyes burn above me,
Since to love thee is a duty,
In return, I pray thee love me.

Five Brothers' Five Fixes.

NED THE PARSON'S FIX.

According to seniority, Jack the sailor would have followed the last speaker, but he had just lighted a fresh cigar and declared he would not go on next. So Ned the parson was obliged to relate his experience.
"I do not know," he began, "good people, what you mean by a fix; but if you mean an awkward predicament, which for the season is unpleasant, but may or may not end advantageously for the individual chiefly concerned, I can relate to you an interesting narrative in which I was the principal performer; but if by fix you intend to designate some circumstance in the chapter of accidents in human life which of necessity must terminate very unpleasantly, like the case of our elder brother Richard, why, all I can say is that—"
"You are an ass, Ned," burst in Dick.
"In the first place, you know very well what a fix is. You have not left college long enough to have quite forgotten slang. Secondly, Ned, allow me to remark that my fix did not advantageously, most advantageously, for I got out of matrimony, and saw how nearly through it I had got into trouble. Thirdly, permit me, my dear fellow, to observe, and I will answer for it that the rest of the company, or congregation, as I suppose you would call them, will endorse my observation, that you are not now in the pulpit, and consequently you need not use the longest words you can find; moreover, you may come to the point at once, provided you have a point to come to; and although we happen to be nearly related to you, it is not absolutely necessary that, in the course of your story, you should address us more than once as 'My Brethren,' or 'My dear Brethren.'"

"Very well," replied Ned good humoredly. "I will tell you a fix, a clerical one to boot; moreover, it is the biggest I ever was in, and yet it ended so advantageously as to start me well in life. Just after I was married, I took the curacy—a sole charge—of B—, in Warkshire. I resided in the rectory, the rector himself being obliged to live in the south of France. Callers of course came, but, owing to one circumstance and another, we missed seeing most of them. Before we had started on our round of returning visits, I received a friendly note from Mr. Chilmark, a vicar in the neighborhood, stating that, in former times, he had known my father at college; that he had the rural dean and a few friends coming to dine with him on such a day, and that if my wife and I would waive ceremony (we had not then returned his call), Mrs. Chilmark and he would be much pleased if we would join their dinner-party. I should remark that my wife and I had never seen Mr. or Mrs. Chilmark: we were out in the parish when they called on us. They lived about three miles on the other side of the town of W—, from which we were two miles distant. In those days, I did not keep a close carriage, but drove my wife in an open wagonette. I did not know the country at all well; but having studied the map, and got directions from an acquaintance, I had little doubt but that, with the help of a young moon, I should find my way.

"It so happened that the night of November 17, 185—, was very foggy: the moon was hardly of any use to us. We could find our way to the town of W— all right, because it was a turnpike-road, and I was acquainted with it; but with regard to the other side of the town and the cross-roads, I hardly knew where to do. I made up my mind to go on (if I could get on at all), and if I found myself in the least degree puzzled, I determined to go back, and get a hostler from the town, to act as a guide. As we were leaving W—, and about to drive through a turnpike, a well-appointed carriage overtook us, and passed through the gate just before us. I asked the woman at the gate whose carriage it was. 'Mr. Singleton's,' she replied. 'How fortunate,' exclaimed my wife; 'that is the rural dean. We know he is going to dine with the Chilmarks; so you have only to follow close upon him, and we shall be all right.' Acting on my wife's bright suggestion, I did follow the carriage, and that closely. Luckily, my horse was a good one. Occasionally, when near water, we seemed to be plunging through darkness, so thick was the fog. However, all went well, and at last I was glad to follow the carriage before me through

an avenue up to a large house, whose hall was blazing with light, and resplendent with the liveries of the servants. We did not take much notice then of these things; but, as I divested myself of my wraps, and my wife was putting herself straight in some back-room, I could not help envying Mr. Chilmark, and thinking that his living must be an exceedingly good one, as he was able to have things in such style.

"In a few minutes we were ushered into the drawing-room, the butler making, as usual, some blunder about our names when announcing us. Mr. and Mrs. Chilmark came forward and kindly escorted us. My wife was installed on a sofa near the fire, and I formed one of a knot of gentlemen lounging in the background. We were a large party, about twenty in number; and as the butler left the room, I thought I heard Mrs. Chilmark give the order 'Dinner.' A few dull moments, as usual, before that meal, when suddenly an electrical shock of a curious nature was communicated to the majority assembled in the drawing-room. The door was opened, and instead of dinner being announced, the butler ushered in Mr. and Mrs. Templeton. There did not appear to me to be anything unusual in this, but evidently a great commotion was created. Persons looked curiously at my wife and myself, and at last Mr. Chilmark touched me on the shoulder, saying: 'May I speak a word with you in the library?' I followed, and noticed my host, in crossing the hall, say something to one of the servants.

"As soon as we were closeted together, Mr. Chilmark's manner changed at once. 'Now, sir,' said he to me, 'what is the meaning of all this? Who are you really? Where do you come from?' Of course I was surprised; and wishing my father's peppy friend, Mr. Chilmark, at the very opposite side of the globe, I calmly stated who I was, and reminded him of his invitation.

"I invite you, sir,' he roared; 'you—you—you—' He bit his lips to check his angry words.

"Yes, sir,' I replied, 'you did; and you asked also Mr. Singleton, the rural dean, and I have come, not exactly with him, but just after him.'

"Stop, sir; no more lies."

"Excuse me, sir,' I replied; 'one more word, and I have done. Either you are prematurely drunk, or you are mad. I do not care to dine with either drunkard or madman. I shall call my wife out of the drawing-room, and beg to wish you good-evening.'

"Excuse me, sir,' he hissed through his teeth, while he placed himself between me and the door; 'you will not get off so easily, young man.'

"Now this was a pleasant predicament thus to be closeted with a madman."

"Pray, may I ask you what on earth you mean?" said I.

"Pray, may I ask you what on earth you mean?" he replied. "Do you know who I am?—where you are?"

"Yes; you are Mr. Chilmark, the rector of —, a very old friend of my father, the late Mr. Temple of —; I am standing in your library at your rectory, having been asked here to dine; and upon my word, the sooner I get out of your hospitable house, and that your acquaintance for good, the better I shall be pleased."

"He grinned horribly as I spoke, and said: 'I am Lord Claydon. This is Claydon Castle. I never asked you to dine; and, in short, you are a scamp. I have already sent for a policeman, and till he arrives, you shall not leave this room.'

"Well, thought I, 'thank goodness, he has sent for a policeman; so ere long I shall get rid of this madman's society.' What to do, I knew not. I fixed my eye on him, and tried to master him by staring him out of countenance. We were both silent for a few moments. At last my friend said to me:—

"Your tale is ingenious, young man; but it breaks down. If you were going to dine with Mr. Chilmark, at — Rectory, how come you to be here, a distance of six miles from your pretended destination?"

"I then explained that I knew the rural dean, Mr. Singleton, was going to dine with Mr. Chilmark—that I was a stranger in the county, and was not acquainted with the roads—that the turnpike-woman told me it was Mr. Singleton's carriage which passed us at the gate, and that I had followed it, and consequently found myself where I now was."

"Light began to dawn somewhat upon the confused sense of both of us. It struck me that my supposed madman was in all probability really Lord Claydon, and that in some way I had made a mess of the matter—missed my leading carriage in the fog, or done something of that kind. I imagine it began to strike the gentleman opposite that possibly after all I might not be an impostor. Lord Claydon—for so I must call him—then said: 'You tell me that you are Mr. Temple, the new curate of —. What proofs can you give me that you are what you represent yourself?'

"Plenty to-morrow," replied I; 'but not many at present. Look at me, however—do I not appear a gentleman and a clergyman?'

"With a kind of ghastly grin, Lord Claydon said: 'That goes for nothing. You are not a bit better got up than—in fact, not so well got up as —. However, I want more proof.'

"Proof?" replied I. "Why, go into your drawing-room, and see if some of your neighbors do not possess more information than yourself, and ask them whether or not a Mr. Temple has not very recently come to be curate of —."

"Oh, very likely that is the case, sir; but I want proofs that you are that Mr. Temple."

"Proofs, man!" I cried, getting very impatient—"proofs, man? Why, what am I to do? I cannot refer you to my mother, for she is not here; I do not carry my card-case in my dress-coat; and my wife's evidence is, I suppose, not admissible. I tell you, though, what I can do—I beg to refer you to my pocket-handkerchief, my watch, my keys, and the tail of my shirt. If you like to inspect them, you will find 'Edward Temple' written in marking-ink. So saying, I pulled out my pocket-handkerchief, and indignantly threw it on the table. Lord Claydon took it up, carelessly glanced at it, and then, smiling, showed me 'E. H. C.' embroidered in the corner. To my intense annoyance, I saw that my wife had placed in my pocket a fine scented handkerchief of her own, that I might seem grand, I suppose; and not only that, but the pocket-handkerchief was one of her marriage outfit; and marked—goodness knows for what reason, though I could suggest many, and none of them creditable to the fair sex—with the initials of her maiden name—the said pocket-handkerchief, mind you, being never to be used till she became Mrs. Ed-

ward Temple. I was not pleased at all this; and you know it too, Lizzie," said Ned, turning to his laughing wife, and then went on: "I explained matters to Lord Claydon, and said: 'It really looks awkward; but may I beg you to examine my stockings, and the tail of my shirt. My wife's stockings would not fit me, and she can hardly have a shirt made like this.' So saying, I began to kick off my dress Wellington boots."

"Lord Claydon interrupted me: 'My dear sir, I cannot allow that. Be kind enough to forgive and excuse me for what has taken place. I could not subject a gentleman to the test you propose; and if I have by any chance been taken in again—and he laughed—all I can say is, I have been deceived by the most perfect facsimile of a gentleman.'

"Come, Ned, draw it mild," suggested Settler Dick.

"Well," returned Ned, 'those were the words he used, and as he spoke, he held out his hand: 'Forgive me, will you? Our hands met in a mutual squeeze. He sat down for a moment at the table, wrote a hasty note, and then taking my arm within his, led me to the drawing-room. As he crossed the hall, he gave the note to a servant, with a message, of which all I caught was 'Give that to —.'

"A few moments after we entered the drawing-room, dinner was announced. Lord Claydon took my wife in, and I had an honorable companion entrusted to my care, and found myself in a prominent position at the table. The first glass of champagne had just been handed round, when, in a kind of stage-whisper, the butler announced to Lord Claydon: 'The policeman has come, my lord.' His lordship bit his lip, and looked sheepish but said nothing."

"After dinner, a note was handed to him. He hastily skimmed it, and at once rose and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, at an ordinary dinner-party, speeches are detestable, and the drinking of healths a thing of bygone days; and yet I must make the one, and propose the other. Lady Claydon and I had asked our new neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton, to dine here to-day. We had not met on the occasion of our calling, but I had had Mr. Templeton pointed out to me in the street. When Mr. and Mrs. Temple were introduced, I naturally concluded they were Mr. and Mrs. Templeton, especially as my butler mumbled the name, though I confess Mr. Temple hardly appeared to be the same person who had been pointed out to me in the street as Mr. Templeton. However, persons look different by candlelight and daylight. When Mr. and Mrs. Templeton were afterwards ushered into the drawing-room, I was astonished. I at once recognized Mr. Templeton as the gentleman who had been pointed out to me under that name. The question, of course, arose, who can Mr. Templeton be? He must be an impostor. We adjourned to my library, and a discussion took place between us, which, on my part, was certainly more animated than polite. It ended in my being quite satisfied that Mr. Temple was a gentleman, though how he came to my house I cannot exactly understand. I wrote a hurried line to Mr. Chilmark just before dinner, and I have now got an answer to the effect that Mr. Temple was to have dined with him to-day, but that he is glad to learn that by accident he is enjoying what Mr. Chilmark is pleased to call the superior hospitality of Claydon Castle. As to superior hospitalities, all I can say is, that I most sincerely hope Mr. Temple will kindly forgive my inhospitable treatment of him before dinner."

"I will make him the most ample apology he likes for my uncourteous suspicion; and let me add for his information—that my uncourteous suspicions arose from the fact of a well-got-up, gentlemanly clergyman calling here a few days ago with his wife at luncheon-time. He represented himself as being the Secretary for the Society for —, showed me his receipt-book, and talked glibly of matters and persons connected with the Society. The end of the affair was that he and his wife lunched here. I paid him a cheque for five hundred pounds, being a legacy lately left by my friend, Mr. —, to the Society. Unfortunately for me, I happened to be Mr. —'s executor. I also paid him my annual subscription to the Society. He and his wife made a good lunch, pocketed my silver spoons and forks, and their coachman stole some things from the stable and the servants' hall. So you see, Mr. Temple, I am just now more than usually suspicious of gentlemanly persons."

"A good-natured laugh at the expense of Lord Claydon and myself ran round the table. It appeared on inquiry that Mr. Ambrose Pamphile, the hero of one of the earlier novels of the elder Dumas, who saw Philadelphia rising like a queen between the green waters of the Delaware and the blue waves of Ocean." Amelia B. Edwards, authoress of *Barbary's History and Half a Million of Money*, in her charming novel of *Head and Glove*, p. 253 of the Tauchnitz edition, says that 'All day long, Claude passed backward and forward like an over-seer on a Massachusetts cotton plantation.'

The novel entitled *Zoe's Brand*, published by Chapman & Hall, and afterward included in the Tauchnitz Series, has never, we believe, been reprinted in this country. The scene is laid chiefly in the Southern States, and the heroine is one of those quadrons of dazzling beauty so common in English novels, and so rarely to be found anywhere else. The whole book abounds with errors of the most laughable description. In one place the authoress speaks of the "scarlet Virginian nightgale," a bird certainly unknown to Audubon. She evidently imagines, also, that the mocking-bird is a sort of small, brown parrot, as the following extract will show:—

"He had not been many minutes in the drawing-room, when a mocking-bird's clear note rang out upon the stillness."
"Zoe, Zoe! pretty Zoe, pretty, pretty Zoe," cried the bird, as it bowed and curtsied on its perch, jerking up and down its long, brown tail as if in an ecstasy of happiness."
A sudden pang of jealousy seized upon the listener.
"Good God!" he thought, 'who could have taught the bird to say such words as these?' (Vol. ii., p. 21 English edition; p. 230 Tauchnitz edition.)

The following paragraph gives the writer's idea of the climate and geographical position of New Orleans:

"A high, bleak, searching wind was whirling through the streets and along the levee. She stood there shivering, for the high wind, blowing straight from the wintry regions of ice-bound Canada, pierced through her slender covering." (Vol. i., p. 316 English edition.)

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"How many feet long was the snake?" asked a person of a traveller who had just related a story of his encounter with a boa killed by him. "One hundred and ninety-two inches," was the reply; "snakes have no feet."

A countryman seeing in the financial article published that six per cent. is paid for "carrying" specie, offers to come to the city and "carry it for any reasonable distance for not more than two per cent."

Foreign Blunders.

The ignorance of Englishmen respecting the United States has been the subject of frequent comment and much astonishment. Yet how complete and widespread this ignorance is, none save those who have themselves sojourned for some time in England can fully imagine. It is no exaggeration to say that the more intelligent and cultivated portions of English society know far more about the geography of Abyssinia and the inhabitants of Asia Minor than they do about the United States and the so-called Yankees. Were an American to state before an assemblage of intelligent, educated people in London that Illinois was a thriving town in the lovely State of Philadelphia, that the cataract of Niagara was formed by the Mississippi river as it flowed over the Rocky Mountains into Lake Superior, and that lions, tigers, and hyenas prowled amid the virgin forests of the State of Natchez, his assertions would pass uncontradicted and unquestioned.

Every traveller in England has some amusing story to relate about the ludicrous mistakes into which this ignorance leads the unwary wight who attempts to converse about our country. The daughter of an eminent English surgeon, for example, on being presented to a young American lady who was in very delicate health, remarked sympathizingly: "You must have found the long sea voyage from America very fatiguing, but perhaps you came by land?" An English lady, connected by marriage with an eminent Pennsylvania family, asked an American, not very long ago, in London, if Philadelphia was near Pennsylvania?

A well-known resident of Philadelphia was once entertaining, at dinner, a young English gentleman, who had brought letters of introduction to him from a friend residing in London. In the course of conversation he mentioned his intention of taking his guest out to drive the next day, for the purpose of showing him whatever the environs of the city afforded of interest to a stranger. The Englishman expressed his thanks. "But could you not, my dear sir," he said, "in the course of our drive, take me where I can see a prairie and a few buffalo?"

The following is a literal transcription of a dialogue which occurred in Paris: Time, 1864—scene, the reading-room of the Grand Hotel. American lady seated by the window reading the *Herald*—English lady at the table turning over a file of the *London Times*. Enter colored nurse, black as the ace of spades, gives message to American lady, and exits.

English lady to American—"I beg your pardon, madam, but will you tell me if that colored person is from the Confederate States?"

American lady—"No, madam, she is from the city of Philadelphia."

English lady—"Indeed! Are all the people of Philadelphia that color?"

An American was conversing with a French count recently at an evening party, in Paris, when she happened to mention the name of Washington. "Ah! oui, Washington!" exclaimed her companion—"Le grand homme qui a fondé la République!"

But such mistakes as these are more pardonable than are those ludicrous errors which so often astonish the student of English literature. Dean Swift, in a letter written in 1729 (*Works*, vol. ix., p. 387), says that he was very well acquainted with William Penn, who assured him that Pennsylvania "wanted the shelter of mountains, which left it open to the northern winds from Hudson's Bay and the Frozen Sea, which destroyed all plantations of trees, and were even pernicious to all common vegetables! But indeed," adds Swift, "New York, Virginia, and other parts less northward or more defended by mountains, are described as excellent countries." This statement is most extraordinary, as Swift very well knew that Pennsylvania means the wooded country of Penn., and it is quite incredible that the founder of this Commonwealth should have stated that the winds from the Frozen Sea destroyed all plantations of trees!

An early English traveller, relates his astonishment on visiting the Chestnut Street Theatre to find "The President, Mr. Jefferson," delighting a large audience by his comical caricature of Richard the Third. Lawrence, the brilliant author of *Guy Ruggles*, remarks in *Border and Battle* (p. 24), that "It was pleasant, from the ferry-boat which was our last change, to meet the lights of Philadelphia gleaming out on the broad, dark Susquehanna. A feat of vision only paralleled by that of Le Capitaine Pamphile, the hero of one of the earlier novels of the elder Dumas, who saw Philadelphia rising like a queen between the green waters of the Delaware and the blue waves of Ocean." Amelia B. Edwards, authoress of *Barbary's History and Half a Million of Money*, in her charming novel of *Head and Glove*, p. 253 of the Tauchnitz edition, says that "All day long, Claude passed backward and forward like an over-seer on a Massachusetts cotton plantation."

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cluding lines of an article on Benjamin Franklin, entitled "Love Passages in the Life of a Philosopher," which appeared in *Once a Week*, number for June 16, 1890 (new series, vol. i., p. 638):

"A few days afterward Franklin embarked with Richard, at Havre, for America, and, as is more generally known as master of history, upon his return to Philadelphia was elected Governor of that state" (qu. the state of Philadelphia?), "and shortly afterward President of the United States!"

This gross ignorance on the part of educated persons in England is owing in great part to the exclusive attention to the classics and mathematics which characterizes the schools, colleges and universities of Great Britain—an ignorance to which it is said the English owe the loss of the fine island of Java. The story is that the minister by whom it was ceded, in 1816, to Holland, was under the impression that it was too small and insignificant a place to contend about.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

A Fatal Blunder.

Some years since, two French criminals raised public indignation to a very high pitch. One was a physician named Castaing, a man of rare attainments in his profession, whose open face and pleasant manners won him a host of friends. He poisoned his intimate friend after first persuading him to make a will in the former's favor. The other criminal was a master of the public schools named Papavoine. He had a monomania for killing children. He would entice them into secluded places and slay them.

Castaing had a brother in the army, a cavalry officer, distinguished for his gallantry, education, talents, good nature and good manners. Overwhelmed with grief and shame by his brother's crime and execution, he determined to withdraw from the world, and hide those sorrows and blushes which were thenceforth to be his portion in life. He went to the colonel of his regiment bearing his resignation. The colonel refused to accept it, saying, "My dear fellow, you are crazy! Attainder of blood is a medieval folly. Now-a-days men are taken for what they are worth, and as their kinsmen's virtues avail them nothing, neither do their kinsmen's crimes tarnish them. Besides, the flag is a soldier's tent which shelters one from the contempt of fools and bad men. You must not quit us; withdraw your resignation, I beg of you." This kindness raised the officer's depressed spirits, and as now the flag was indeed his only home, he withdrew his resignation.

The colonel felt he had not done enough, and he ought to make Castaing feel everybody in the regiment desired him to remain among them. So he called on the general and said to him, "General, do you know Castaing?" "To be sure I do. One of the greatest scoundrels of modern times. A vile assassin!" "No, general; his brother; an officer in our regiment." "The brother of that scoundrel, that assassin, in your regiment! Make him resign, and that at once!" "General, he wished to resign; I prevented him." "You were wrong. The brother of an assassin has no business among us." "I beg your pardon, but is not the flag a soldier's home and family?" "Certainly." "And the regiment a soldier's tent?" "To be sure." "Very well, then, Castaing—the officer—belongs to our family, lives in our tent, and, general, I wish you, as head of the family, to persuade him to remain among us. A kind word from you before the whole regiment on the first review would be of the greatest service." "Well, colonel, if you wish me to do so, I will. You say he is a good officer?" "One of the best we have."

A fortnight passed away. A review took place. The colonel pointed out Castaing to the general, saying, "There is the officer I spoke to you about." The general replied, "Very well, I will speak a kind word to him."

The general clasped spurs to his horse, and with extended hand rode up to the unhappy officer, saying, in a loud tone so that the whole regiment might hear him, "My dear Papavoine, don't think of leaving us. The service cannot spare so excellent an officer."

The officer bowed but said nothing; the review ended, he went home, and blew out his brains.

Women's Foreheads.

When phrenology first began to attract attention as a science, high foreheads of women, as well as of men, were associated with intellect. Every member of the opposite sex, however dull or uncultivated, may be, admires mental gifts, and has no objection to the reputation of possessing them herself; consequently she determined to have the seeming, if not the reality, and stripped her forehead of the clustering tresses, and even removed the hair by artificial means, that she might present a front which would awake the enthusiasm of Gall or Spurzheim. For a number of years this mania for high foreheads raged in spite of the patent fact that they detracted from their feminine loveliness, giving it a hard, bold, masculine expression that should be sedulously avoided. All the classic models of beauty, whether in marble or on canvas, from the Venus and Phryne down to the Marys of Raphael and the Magdalen of Murillo, the picturesque damsels of the Campagna, and the classic Salotti maidens, instead of high have quite low foreheads—something our own women would seem at last to have discovered. Horace and Catullus and Ovid all sang of the fair, fond creatures whose white foreheads gleamed like the crescent moon beneath the dark cloud of silken hair. Artists have so painted feminine beauty. Men of taste and gallantry have admitted such. Phrenology has ceased to be connected with aesthetic subjects, and therefore we have returned to nature and art. Indeed, the passion now is rather for low foreheads, for hair over the temples, and lovelocks that shade the luster of deep eyes. This is rather overdone—but it is preferable to lofty foreheads and stripped brows, that make the face more fitting for a Roman senator. Every man of taste must rejoice that something like an approximation to the old models and correct standard of feminine loveliness has been established, and that they are no longer painted with

"High white fronts that tell of power
Which ne'er is fashioned by the gentle heart."

"My wife," said a wag the other day, "came near calling me honey, last night."

"Indeed! how was that?" "Why, she called me old beeswax."

"It is not until the flower has fallen off that the fruit begins to ripen. So in life, it is when the romance is past that the practical usefulness begins."

THE ABSURDITY OF IT.

BY C. H. WEBB.

It is all very well, for the poets to tell,
By way of their songs adorning,
Of milk-maids who rouse, to manipulate
Cows.

At Five o'clock in the morning,
And of moony young mowers who bundle
Outdoors—

The charms of their straw-beds scoring—
Before break of day, to make love and hay,
At Five o'clock in the morning!

But, between me and you, it is all untrue—
Believe not a word they utter;
To milk-maids alive does the finger of Five
Bring beaux—or even bring butter,
The poor sleepy cows, if told to arouse,
Would do so, perhaps, in a horn;—
But the sweet country girls, would they show
Their curls
At Five o'clock in the morning?

It may not be wrong for the man in the
Song—

Or the moon—if anxious to settle,
To kneel in wet grass, and pop, but, alas!
What if he popped down a nettle?
For how could he see what was under his
knee,
If, in spite of my friendly warning,
He went out of bed, his house and his head,
At Five o'clock in the morning?

It is all very well such stories to tell,
But if I were a maid, all forlorn;—
And a lover should drop, in the clover, to
pop,

At Five o'clock in the morning;
If I liked him, you see, I'd say, "Please
call at Three;"

If not, I'd turn on him with scolding;
"Don't come here, you Flat, with conun-
drams like that,
At Five o'clock in the morning!"

A MILLION A MINUTE.

That was my fortune. This is no dream,
No romance. I set down the simple truth,
strange as it will appear to many. During
a portion of my life that was my fortune—a
million sterling per minute—secured to me
by papers held in my own hands. Never had I
conceived of so much wealth as these papers
entitled me to, and even as I read them I
did not believe in their reality. They were
real, nevertheless. So was the fortune. So,
I am persuaded now, were the circumstances,
romantic as they seemed, under which I
gained and lost it.

The money came to me under the will of
old Rodney Gauntlett. Everybody in the
city knew him in his lifetime—knew him as
a shrewd, active, hot-tempered man, and
called him "old," while he was yet in his
prime. As far as my memory goes back,
he justified the epithet. He looked old,
withered, dried up, yet there was plenty of
life in him, as those found who crossed his
path, or tried to overreach him in the busi-
ness transactions that took him every day
into the chief places of resort in the city.
His black eyes, under frost-white
brows, and, when contradicted or opposed,
the purple blood would rush into his can-
dorous cheeks, or swell the veins in his
forehead, till he was fearful to look at.

At ordinary times he was mild and gentle.
Except that he was always absorbed in busi-
ness, he might have been kind and tender.
To me he sometimes was so. If he ever un-
bent, it was to his little Julie, as he called
me, and that was more often, I think, when
I had grown out of my childhood and be-
come a woman, and so more of a companion
to him. In my younger life, I remember
fancying that he avoided, and even regarded
me with dislike. It might have been so.
There was no apparent reason why he should
regard me in any other light. I was only,
as I knew quite soon enough, the child of
an old friend—one Colonel Anthony Wyvern
—whom he had adopted of charity.

Having so adopted me, he did his duty by
me. All admitted that; the praise of him
in that particular rang as a ceaseless psalm
in his ears—and in mine. And I was daily
bidden to take note how good he was, how
loving and how generous; and what infinite
return, by way of goodness, gratitude, do-
cility, perseverance, and I know not what
other virtues, all this demanded at my hands.
I am afraid I sometimes wished he had been
less to me, so that there might have been
some hope of my being to him what it was
declared my duty to become.

I tried my best, however; and he, I be-
lieve, was satisfied. Ours was not a very
lively home. Our house was an old one
that had held its place in the city when
the city had even its palaces. But in the
long course of time it had yielded, foot
by foot, to encroachments on all sides, until
it was fairly bricked-in, and utterly lost to
public gaze. It could only be reached by
means of a passage through another house,
which had planted its great broad back right
in front of our windows, and so obstructed
our view and shut out our light. This want
of light was what I always most severely
felt; for the rooms were large, lofty, and
proportionately gloomy; and there was one
with a painted ceiling that I dared not enter,
for the figures, gaunt and writhing, always
seemed alive up there in the gloom, and
that notion haunted even my dreams.

Old Rodney Gauntlett's own rooms were
on the ground-floor; they were like dun-
geons, but he never saw them so. All the
year round he breakfasted and dined by
candle-light; yellow wax-lights, in old plated
candelabra, red as copper, were always lit
for him night and morning. That was his
fancy, and like all his other habits, had
taken firm root in him.

Bridget and I lived upstairs. Bridget, by-
the-way, was our one domestic—house-
keeper, nurse, and general servant in one.
She was as old as her master. This white
locks peeped out from under her mob-cap
bound round with a black ribbon, and shone
like silver. Her skin was yellow and wrink-
led; her hands suggested claws, they were
so hard and fleshless. But she had an eye
bright and true as a hawk's; it defied age.
Bridget was my good friend and almost sole
companion. If I could have wished her
other than she was, it would have been in
respect of her sense of Rodney Gauntlett's
goodness to me, and of the hard measure of
gratitude she thought proper to exact from
my unhappy self in return. In this respect
she was unflinching. I was never suffered
to forget that I subsisted on charity, or that
persons so circumstanced had no rights—
they had only duties.

As I was saying, our rooms were upstairs;
they were three in number, and formed the
whole of the second-floor. My share com-

prised a very large bedroom, that had been
a reception-room in the old times, and a
smaller apartment opening out of it. Bridget's
chamber was outside mine, her door close to
the top of the great staircase; so that sleep-
ing there she, in a manner, kept watch and
ward over me.

The smaller room, in which I lived, was
like a room borrowed from the last century.
It was wainscoted, and had a high mantle-
piece carved over with Cupids engaged in
feasting heavy wreaths about it. Above,
there was an oval glass, slanting forward so
that it reflected all below it, only a fraction
of its surface being hidden by a small clock,
on which it appeared to rest. The furniture
was in keeping: tables with carved legs
and brass handles and fittings; chairs with
oval backs and striped moreen cushions; es-
crutoires with drawers, and Indian jars—all
these were conspicuous. But most con-
spicuous of all was a Japanese cabinet, very
large and cumbersome, black as ebony, with
quaint figures in gold and dead colors, in
slight relief. It must once have been very
costly; but it was now out of repair, and
was only used as a receptacle for papers.

I never recall my room without a thought
of this cabinet. It is especially associated
with the first visit of a friend of Rodney
Gauntlett's, who afterwards came often to
the old house—far oftener than I cared to
see him. I recall that visit like a dream. I
seem to see myself, a pale, slim girl, with
hair of a reddish hue, so thick that it will
never keep its place in any knot into which
I twist it, but is always hanging about my
shoulders, studied with hair-pins. "Tie
evening, and I am close to the window, strain-
ing my eyes over a book in the falling light.
The book touches me deeply, and I am con-
scious that my eyelids are red, and that
there are tears on my cheeks. While I am
thus absorbed, the door opens, and Bridget
enters, bearing in one hand one of the old
plated candelabra with wax-lights flaring in
it, and so preceding two other persons. One
is Rodney Gauntlett himself; the other a
stranger—a fine, tall, square-shouldered
man, with an olive face, black eyes, and
shining white teeth. As I give a scared
look, and toss back my cumbersome hair, it is
Mr. Gauntlett who says, pointing to the
stranger, "Mr. Hugh Dimsdale, my dear,
an esteemed friend of mine." Wholly un-
used to visitors, I am confused; but mutter
something to the purpose, and am conscious
of having my hand squeezed in a broad
palm, and held there, a trifle—only a trifle—
longer than I feel to be necessary. The
memory of what follows is made up of three
incidents: the impression that Mr. Gauntlett
is gayer and brighter than I have ever seen
him before; that Mr. Hugh is embarrass-
ingly polite; and this further, that when-
ever I catch his eyes wandering, it is always
in the direction of the Japanese cabinet,
which appears to have a strange fascination
for him.

That night's introduction was, as I have
said, followed by many a visit on the part of
Mr. Hugh Dimsdale. It was not long before
he declared himself my devoted admirer,
and begged me to regard him as a suitor for
my hand. My patron, too, hinted as deli-
cately as he could that such an arrangement
would be gratifying to him. As for Bridget,
she declared him to be the finest gentleman
in the whole world, and was perpetually re-
garding me with her head on one side and
her hands raised in a sort of ecstasy of ad-
miration at my good fortune.

But I received him coldly; I could not
like him; his coming chilled my heart. The
touch of his hand distressed me so that I
dreamed of it in the night, and woke up
with a shudder.

Still he came, and came. I had a suspicion
that he knew how I loathed him, and gloried
in his power to inflict the torture of his
presence on me; gloried still more in sug-
gesting a further horror.

"Am I never to prove my love by showing
how happy I can make you?" he would ask.
"I am very happy," would be my cold
reply.

"But as my wife? Ah, if we could only
realize the future I have planned."

"The present amply contents me."

So it went on.

At last he lost all patience, and grew fairly
angry with me. Whenever we met, his
words were harsh and his looks threatening.
I could not endure this, and in one passion-
ate outburst, bade him begone and trouble
me no further.

"I will never be your wife," I said. "I
will die first. I hate you. Leave me!"

He obeyed; but there was a malignant
glitter in his eyes as he strode from the
room; and I saw that he bit his thin lips
bleeding to keep in the words with which he
would have cursed me.

For more than a month I saw him no more.
This might have surprised me; but during
the latter part of that time I had no leisure
to give a thought to him. My benefactor
was taken ill. It was the winter time, and
he was seized with a slight cold, of which
he took no heed until inflammation follow-
ed; and he was soon really ill. Even then
he would not deem himself an invalid, would
not see a doctor, or give up his daily pur-
suits. Within a week he was worn to a
shadow; his eyes sank, his shoulders round-
ed, and a cough tore fiercely at his lungs. I
was terrified; but he only laughed at my
fears, and declared that he would soon be
better.

On the eighth night of his illness I sat
late in my room. I could hear him cough-
ing below; but Bridget had brought a mes-
sage that he was busy over his papers, and
did not care to be intruded on. Having
given this message, and assured me he had
all he could need for the night, she had gone
to bed. I was wretched, for I felt certain
he was very ill and needed advice. Sitting
there over the dying embers, I half per-
suaded myself to go to him, in spite of his mes-
sage, and entreated him to comply with my
wishes in this respect. But he was not a
man whose will could be thwarted, or who
was open to persuasion. So I tried to be-
think me of some friend to whom I might
appeal—some one who had influence over
him. One name alone suggested itself—the
hateful name of Hugh Dimsdale. At the
bare suggestion of it I covered over the
grate with a shudder. But it seemed to act
as a spell; under its influence thoughts
crowded upon me, my mind grew morbidly
active, and soon I was almost lost to con-
sciousness in the bewildering perplexities of
my own reflections.

For an hour I might have brooded thus.
When I at length started, as out of a vision,
I was conscious of a chilliness, and of its
being very late. I put my hand to my waist
for my watch. It wanted three minutes to
two. Was that right by the clock on the
mantelpiece? I asked myself. Instinctively
I looked up. The leaning oval glass reflect-
ed me as I sat. I saw my own face and
figure; and I saw more. There was another

face looking over my shoulder—another
figure standing at my back!

Yes, clearly and unmistakably I saw my
benefactor, Rodney Gauntlett, standing
there, and bending over me with a strange
pitying look in his face.

"You here, sir?" I cried, turning round
frightened—I knew not why.
There was no answer.
I half rose.

As I did so, the form receded from me. It
went slowly, with the shuffling gait of an
enfeebled man. The face was toward me
even when there was the width of the room
between us. Then it turned away. I turned
toward the Japanese cabinet; and I saw
an amplified forefinger beckoning me to observe
what followed. The movement was so nat-
ural, so real, that it scared away the fears
which were beginning to paralyze me.

"Speak to me, sir!" I cried out, stepping
forward as I spoke. "Or if you are too
ill—"

The finger was raised again; this time as
if to silence me. Then the face half turned.
I could catch the expression of the eyes, and
followed them. They seemed to single out
a spot—a rose-bud in the flower-pattern of
the cabinet—and then the pointing finger
went straight to that spot.

Unless I dreamed, the bud yielded under
the pressure of the finger-tip!

I saw it sink and spring back to its place.
Then almost instantly, a long narrow panel
fell out and dropped on the ground.

"You wish to show me the secret of this?"
I gasped, looking up from the spot where the
panel lay.

To my dismay I addressed vacancy. The
figure was gone!

My alarm was intense. Had I seen a ghost
of Rodney Gauntlett? My conviction was
that I had. Yet the finger had touched the
spring, the rose-bud had yielded, and there was
the result before me! Could a spirit
have done that? If so, for what purpose?
While, more dead than alive, I asked of my-
self this second question, my eyes involun-
tarily turned toward that part of the cabi-
net from which the panel had dropped. A
small aperture had been laid bare; evidently
a secret recess; and what it contained was
clearly revealed to my gaze.

It was a folded paper.

Here again was something real and tangi-
ble. It helped me to fight against the con-
viction that what I had seen was supernatu-
ral; though my frame shook with the terror
of a ghostly visitation. With a tremulous
hand I snatched at the paper and tore it
open. Casting my eyes hurriedly over it, I
saw that it was a will—Rodney Gauntlett's
will. Through a mass of blurred letters, I
gathered that by means of it he revoked all
former wills; and then I lighted on these
words, glowing as they seemed, in letters of
fire:

"—all my real and personal estate,
amounting at this present writing to three
millions sterling, to Julia Gauntlett, other-
wise known and designated by me as Julia
Wyvern, my own true and lawful daugh-
ter."

I could read no more. The words swam
before my eyes.

What! Was Rodney Gauntlett's own
child? Was it a fiction that he had reared
me out of the love he bore his old friend?
What mystery was here? What could have
prompted so strange, so cruel a course?
And now, why did he seek to atone for all
by securing to me a fortune vast beyond
computation?

These questions crowded to my lips. The
awe, the marvel, the mystery of what was
passing confounded me. My only proof
of the reality of all was the cracking of the
paper I grasped in my hand. That was
real, that, and the cabinet from which I had
taken it. Yes; and hark! The great bell
of St. Paul's was chiming. Real enough,
that. I stood and counted the quarter-
chimes; and then the first for the hour—
One; the second—Two.

As the last echo died away, I glanced
again at the will. In the act of doing so,
and stooping my head for the purpose, I
suddenly fell heavily forward with a crash-
ing sound in my ears. A blow had been
dealt from behind, by an unseen hand, and
under the force of it I dropped bleeding and
senseless.

More than a week had elapsed before the
scene of life returned to me. I was in my
own bed, and Bridget's kindly face was
bending over me. Pain racked my brow,
and I was conscious of having suffered in-
tensely. It was some time before I was per-
mitted to ask questions, or to receive infor-
mation as to what had happened. At length
Bridget gratified my curiosity to an extent.

She informed me that my patron, Rodney
Gauntlett, had died on the night to which I
have alluded, at three minutes to two, as
nearly as Bridget could calculate, she being
then the only person in the house except
myself. Her reason for fixing the hour was,
that at three minutes to two—the time
at which the house-clock gave "warning"—
she being startled by a strange noise, had
gone into his room only to find him dead in
his chair. While there, a sound overhead
apprised her of my fall, and at the same mo-
ment St. Paul's struck two. On rushing
upstairs, she had found me on the floor,
where I had fallen, as she supposed, in
harrying to the sick man's aid, and with the
back of my head bleeding.

At this stage I interrupted her with two
questions of the utmost moment to me. Was
she quite certain that there was no person
in the house besides ourselves? She was
quite certain. Did she observe anything
peculiar about the Japanese cabinet, or see
any paper on the floor? No.

These answers startled me. It was hard
to believe that I had been dreaming, and
yet was it not more probable than that all
of which I seemed to have a remembrance
could really have happened? The apparition,
the will, the enormous fortune, the
disclosure of my relationship to Gauntlett,
the brutal attack by which I was overpow-
ered—who would believe in the reality of these
things? How could I even believe in them
myself! It was well-nigh impossible; yet it
had all been so real, so terribly real to me,
that I could not forego belief in it without a
struggle.

However, I kept my own counsel. I said
nothing to Bridget; nothing to the doctor
when he came. In time I formed this fur-
ther resolution—I would say nothing unless
my impressions received some confirmation
through subsequent events. One such con-
firmation they did receive—it was a very
startling one. When Rodney Gauntlett's
will came to be read, it was found that his
fortune exceeded all belief. He had been
money-grubbing and speculating all his life,
but no one suspected that he had died worth
—three millions of money! His will dis-
closed that fact for the first time. When I
heard the words I fainted. Here was a cor-

roboration of what I had discovered in my
dream, or whatever it was, so strong that it
utterly overpowered me. Unless I had read
it in the paper I took from the Japanese
cabinet, how could I have thought of that
sum? Such a thing was beyond coincidence;
and when I came to myself, I eagerly de-
manded a sight of the will. It was handed
to me, and one glance dispelled all my illu-
sions. It was not written on the paper I
had seen, and it contained no mention of my
relationship to the testator. My name was
there, but only for an annuity of three hun-
dred pounds for life. The bulk of the vast
fortune was left in other ways, a very large
allowance falling to the share of the man I de-
tested and had rejected, Hugh Dimsdale.

Time passed on. I had quitted the old
house. All I have related had become a
thing of memory. Bridget was dead. Hugh
Dimsdale had gone I knew not where—to
the Indies I had heard, but neither knew
nor cared. I was receiving my annuity, and
enjoying a simple country life, over which
the shadows of the past fell lightly. In the
process of time I had almost persuaded my-
self out of the reality of what I long held as
the mystery of my life.

One winter evening an adventure occurred
to me.

I was returning home from a long walk.
Tired, and anxious to reach my cottage be-
fore dark, I took a short cut through a field
adjoining a farm. In that field were sev-
eral stacks of hay and corn, and as I passed
these I saw that a group of persons, evi-
dently from the farm itself, were bending
over some object lying on the ground. My
curiosity was aroused. I quitted the path,
and went towards them. As they moved
aside on my drawing near, I saw that it was
a man who was the object of their attention
—a squallid man in the rags of a beggar. He
was ill, haggard, starving—yet I could not
mistake that face.

"Hugh Dimsdale!" I exclaimed aloud.
He shuddered as he lay, then looked up
feebly, shading his eyes with a tremulous
hand. With that hand he then beckoned me
to his side. Too weak to speak aloud, it was
only by drawing my ear towards his mouth
that he could make me understand what he
had to say. It took this form:

"Julia Gauntlett—for that is your true
right name—I robbed you of all. I did it,
yes, yes; no need to hide it now. I knew
Gauntlett's last will was hidden in that cabi-
net—knew it from the first; knew its pur-
pose, and strove to make you mine in conse-
quence. Had you consented, we should have
shared the old man's millions—you and I.
You rejected me, and I had recourse to other
means to get the later will destroyed, so
that I might benefit by a former one under
which I was entitled. I was in the house
when he died, his life shortened by my
means. I passed from his room to yours,
when I had made sure of the old will that
left me so much. I came upon you as you
read the will you had found—the true will,
in which he had acknowledged you as his
child, and left you all. It was I who struck
you down and secured that paper. I swear
to you that this is the truth."

"But tell me," I cried, "what do you
know of my father's motive in disowning
me—of my mother—"

"Nothing."

"And this other will?"

"Destroyed. Consumed in the flames.
The fortune can never be yours."

They were his last words, spoken with his
stiffening lips—and they were true. With-
out the will, it was impossible for me to
gain one penny more of my father's princely
fortune than I now enjoy. The wealth he
had designed as a recompense for the wrong
he had done me—Heaven alone knows why!
I had flown away into other channels, and
could never be recovered. I had held the
right to it for three minutes only: from the
moment of his death—that in which he had
appeared to me—until the villain's hand
snatched it away.

The Elephant in Camp.

Though a heavy, sedate animal, the ele-
phant is never entirely at rest while awake.
The ears flap, the tail switches, the legs
cross or sway to and fro, the jaws are inces-
santly munching and grinding, and the busy
trunk supplying them with provender, snif-
fling, picking, twisting and turning in every
direction. As long as he is awake the ani-
mal seems to be eating, and after the hardest
day's toil, I have heard the elephants round
camp grazing at all hours of the night, tear-
ing down the branches and bamboos with a
noise that reverberates through the forest.

When disposed to slumber, which is per-
haps every second or third night, the ele-
phant lies down on its side, with its legs
stretched out, breathing heavily and slowly,
and sometimes looking like a legion of alder-
men. At night they are admirable watchers
against tigers, announcing the approach of
one by a peculiar trumpeting squeak, and a
singular puffing noise caused by striking the
end of the trunk filled with air against the
ground. The sound is so well understood,
and so seldom in the elephant mistaken in
his announcement, that when it is heard the
camp is immediately on the alert. Fires are
replenished and stirred, so that the flames
may light up the gloomy vista of the forest,
and reveal the approach of the common
enemy. Guns are held in readiness, and
most of the encampment, especially the out-
liers, keep on the lookout; till the noise of
the faithful elephants quietly resuming their
browsing, proclaims that the dreaded brute
has skulked away in some other direction.

In these jungle encampments those who
sleep in the centre are safe enough; but
those outside are, in spite of large fires,
often in danger. The elephants are some-
times too few to surround the sleepers, or
they ramble away in search of food, so as
to leave, perhaps, one side of the camp quite
open. On such occasions tigers have been
known to creep in and carry off a poor slum-
bering creature, before anything could be
done for his protection. I was awakened
out of my sleep by a tiger crawling close to
my bed in one of these encampments, and
as there was nothing between me and the
animal but a sheet he crawled up to keep off
the night air, I lost no time in giving the alarm
and raising such a hubbub, that we heard
no more of our visitor. In this instance,
the elephants, unwatched, had left us to
ourselves, and walked across a nulla (the
Dagging River) to better feeding ground on
the opposite side.

A new fish hook has been invented in
Worcester, Mass. The shank, instead of
ending in the eye, doubles up almost its en-
tire length, so that the new hook looks like
a hair pin with a barbed hook on one shank.
This continuation of the shank acts as a
lever to turn the hook in the mouth of the
fish and insure a catch.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

BY MAY MATHER.

I'll ever wear, in my hair,
Apple blossoms, pink and white,
Fragrant with the sunny light.

"And why, and why?" you laughing cry.
"Apple blossoms, pink and white,
Wither pale 'twixt morn and night."

No, no! ah no! it is not so,
I heed not what you say,
My heart is light and gay;

For yesterday was first of May,
And high he piled the blossoms bright,
And soft he called me "heart's delight."

I'll ever wear, in my hair,
Apple blossoms, pink and white,
Fragrant with the sunny light.

—Galaxy.

"Choosing a Wife."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WARE.

The idea of laying down a code of laws
by which a "marrying man" shall soberly
and intelligently choose a wife, is supremely
ridiculous. All the world knows that a mar-
rying man is as utterly incapable of exer-
cising his reasoning faculties in affairs of
love, as a squirrel is of surveying a square-
rod of land, or a stickle-back of steering an
ocean steamer.

A ringlet, a dimple; a white set of teeth;
a silky, downward-sweeping eyelash; a
peach-blossom cheek; a lithe and willowy
waist; a glimpse of a pretty ankle flashing
from beneath an airily-floating robe; a
chance touch of tender, taper fingers; the
lingering echo of a winsome laugh; even a
sudden jostling against a pretty fair one in
a crowd; either of these, or any one of num-
berless other beautiful nothings, is quite
sufficient to scatter the wits of a marrying
man and to make him the restless victim of
blind folly.

It is, indeed, well that a man should con-
sider whether or no he have "any real voca-
tion for the state." For myself I have con-
sidered it much and often, and I cannot rid
myself of the conviction that I am not a
marrying man. Many there are, however,
who are or should be marrying men. To such
let me say:

1st. Try to see a woman in her every-day
life before having awakened in her mind
any suspicion that you may possibly become
her lover. If possible, become a member of
the family of which she is a member, by
boarding or otherwise. Note if she rise
early, also if she be idle and slatternly in
the early morning, or active and tidy. The
after-dinner dress is no index to the essen-
tial character of a young lady.

2d. Show yourself to her in your every-
day attire and your every-day temper. It
is a shame to conceal these from her sight.
It is dangerous both to yourself and to her
to pass yourself off for what you are not.
Let the rough points in your character stand
out in their natural ruggedness. If it shock
her to come in contact with them the sooner
the better. If she turn you off upon the
discovery of them, so much the more fortu-
nate for her at least, if not for you.

No much for the "marrying men," now
for the "handsome men and women:"

"Only handsome men and women ought
to marry."

Undoubtedly!

That may be, and marriages not fall off in
number. For, look you, "what is one man's
meat is another man's poison." Was ever a
man in love with a woman that was not in
some sense beautiful in his eyes? And vice
versa?

Robin, a Guinea negro, who lived in Rhode
Island in the "good old colony times," had
a wife Candace, a hideously outmouthed,
outrageously ugly Africaness.

One day while Robin was working on the
road with a company of white men, Can-
dace went by. Whereupon old Robin began
to decant upon the theme of which his
heart was full, telling his highly amused
audience that his Candace was the best look-
ing woman he ever saw, and he loved her,
oh, more 'n he could 'press it!

Miss Squiggle has been my ideal incarnation
of ugliness ever since I first saw her. Of late
I ventured to remark to a friend that I was
sorry for Miss Squiggle because she was so
plain. "Do you think so?" was the reply,
accompanied with a look of utter astonish-
ment, "why, I never thought of such a thing.
I am sure she is very good looking."

Handsome men and women indeed? I
know a woman whose form is queenly, whose
face is beautiful as delicately chiselled
marble, whose dress is most happily adapted
to adorn so magnificent a person, whose
mind is cultivated, who withal is not a
"genius," yet happily is not "a flat, a sim-
pleton." I know a woman whose voice is
music, and whose every movement is grace,
she is not "lackadaisical," she is not one of
your "delicate die-away women," she has
no "congenital malformation," she is not
even small; on the contrary she has a most
charming "roundness of contour" and a
stateliness of stature which is the exact and
delightful mean between the colossal and
the petite; yet this beautiful woman makes
home anything but a paradise; those whom
she should make the happiest of the happy,
she renders most unspeakably wretched.

Beautiful people indeed! Only such
should marry! Where is nature's guarantee
that the children of beautiful people should
be likewise beautiful?

My First Flirtation.

The morning sun shone brightly one July day, 1861, as I turned into St. James's street, dressed in summer garb, and smoking a cigarette through my nose. The heat that morning was tropical. The crossing-sweeper abandoned his post and betook himself to a shady doorway. The cabmen on the rank read penny papers inside their respective vehicles, whilst the sun blistered the roofs above them. The enjoyment of the bibulous vapors at the pump, who took it in turn to be pumped for, smote one with envy on that thirty morning. Vague yearnings after an iced soda and B., a pipe of mild tobacco, or other light dissipation suited to the state of the thermometer and the latitude of my system, caused me to stop languidly at a set of chambers for gentlemen. The first floor was occupied by a man named Osborne, with whom I was then very intimate. I found my friend and another man at breakfast, and after refreshing myself with some strawberries and a cool draught of seltzer and brandy, I threw myself into a comfortable chair by the open window, and began studying with a sapient air what I would have given worlds at that time to have understood, "Bell's Life."

It was at the time I am speaking of a shy, awkward, homely young man of nineteen, with a round, youthful face, whiskerless cheeks, and nervous temperament. Osborne was a cool, polished man of the world, eight years my senior, pale, with regular features, thin, sarcastic lips, cold gray eyes, and fair, colorless hair. How I envied him his taste in dress, his composed, quiet manner, his skill at billiards, and his success with women! But with all my admiration and intimacy, I rather disliked the man than otherwise. I felt a dim, disagreeable consciousness that I served principally as a butt and sport to my dear friend, and knew that he considered and generally spoke of me as "a mannerless young cub, who wanted a deuced deal of licking into shape."

The man who was breakfasting with him was also my senior. He had a plain, meaningless face, long red whiskers, a falsetto laugh, and possessed the rare faculty of being a good listener. His name was Anderson, and he played the concertina. I never knew what he was, or where he lived, but remember, the first time we met, his requesting of me, with a pleasant laugh, the temporary loan of half a sovereign. My future experience of the gentleman proved him to be capable of repeating the request any number of times without being struck with the monotony of a proceeding he never attempted to vary by any allusion to repayment. He was devoted to his rich friend Osborne, who found in him a willing and useful laund.

"Like a smoke, Master Charlie?" said Osborne, offering me a large, highly-flavored cigar from his case. I received and smelt the priceless weed with the rapturous air of a connoisseur. (How faint and sick those strong cigars used to make me!) Having lighted it, I began the perusal of a "Mill" in "Bell's Life," and soon was as intensely miserable as my worst enemy could have desired. Mill and smoke becoming at last too strong for me, I closed my eyes and listened vacantly to my friends' conversation.

"But we had better settle now," Osborne was saying, "what time we are to go to that place to-night." Here there was a pause, during which they each beat a tattoo on the carpet and stared at each other. Osborne at length rose, and bending over his friend, whispered some suggestions which appeared to be fraught with much interest. Whatever they were, they were cordially agreed to, and carried amid much laughter from Anderson, who put on the falsetto stop, and beat Osborne hollow in the high notes. Their enjoyment of the subject before them made them talk louder and with more animation, and thus, without wishing to divine the subject of their mirth, the following broken sentences fell upon my ear, as I half-dozed in my chair.

Anderson—"But will she appear on the scene at all?"

Osborne—"Good heavens, man! no chance of it. But don't mention her, for I can't stand it. I only promised to go there once a year, and choose this affair for my annual visit, because I have a coward's shrinking from speaking to or even seeing—" here his voice trembled and dropped to a whisper too low for me to hear.

Anderson—"All right, my boy—we can then have our little joke without fear of any mischance; it'll be capital fun—he's an awful fool, and, spite of his young airs, is frightened at his own shadow."

"Deuced funny," thought I to myself, "particularly if I'm their awful fool, which I rather think I am; and then I fell to wondering, gloomily, if Amanda's paste and constant care would ever make my hands as white and shapely as were those of my dear, appreciative friend and model. Breakfast pipes, drinks, and pleasant confidences being all ended, we rose, stretched, and yawned. Then somewhat to my relief, Osborne told me he had an engagement which would occupy him all the afternoon, but hoped I would dine with him at the club the same evening, and afterwards go on with him to a very charming dance a little way out of town, where, to use his own words, "I should meet a lot of deuced pretty girls, and perhaps pick up an heiress, old feller." Having received my assent to what appeared to me a very agreeable arrangement, the two burst into a fit of unrestrained merriment at the cut of my trousers and the youthful bloom of my complexion; then after poking a small volume of "Chesterfield's Advice to his Son" into my pocket, and paying me a few sarcastic compliments on the glossiness of my hat and the growth of my whiskers, Osborne slapped me violently on the back, and allowed me to depart bruised in mind and body.

Of course, however, I dined with him at his club, and the night being warm, drank more champagne than my young head could well stand. A strong cigar, and a still stronger chase finished me up, and when I jumped into my friend's brougham I felt most blissfully unconscious and unattractively idiotic. Half an hour's quick driving brought us to our destination, a large detached house brilliantly lighted up, standing in what appeared to be extensive gardens and grounds. The lights and linkmen, the sounds of music, the glimpses I caught of scapular beings floating airily in clouds of pink and blue vapor, partly sobered me, and caused me on entering the hall to rush anxiously to a mirror that adorned one side of it, in which to ascertain the state of my hair, and that of my appearance generally. Having finished my survey I turned round and found to my dismay that my companions had deserted me, and left me to introduce myself as I best could. This to a shy, nervous fellow

like myself was anything but a pleasant business, and I trembled with anger and embarrassment. "Just like my good friends," I hissed to myself, "to leave me here like a pig in a poke. How can I enter the room without an introduction to the hostess? Blame their impertinence! What did they bring me here for, and then treat me in this fashion?"

Glancing anxiously round the hall, I espied on my right hand a small room, the door of which was open. It was empty; and avoiding the severe glances of a most muscular and middle-aged set of female servants, I gave a nervous pull to the few straggling hairs it pleased me at that time to call my whiskers, and precipitated myself into the grateful privacy of the deserted chamber on my right, closing the door behind me. Here I sat, and fumed for some minutes, and composed a neat cutting little speech, with which, when we met, to shiver up my friends with shame. Suddenly a door on the opposite side was opened, and in darted the most radiant, lovely being I had ever been my happiness to behold. Her face was flushed, and her manner slightly hurried, as if she had been making a hasty toilette. As she passed me one of the gloves she was drawing on fell to the ground. In a moment, startled out of all my awkward shyness, I had the glove in my hand, and was presenting it to its charming owner, with a bow and pointed glance of admiration that would have done credit to a man a *bona fide* fortune. Her pleasant smile, the sweet voice in which she thanked me for my civility, aided doubtless by the amount of champagne I had so lately taken, so affected me that I forgot my friends, my unknown hostess, and myself, and begged for the honor of her hand for the next dance. Her easy acquiescence increased my boldness, and without giving one thought to the audacity of my behavior, but with a vague suspicion that if I entered the ball-room Osborne would manage in some unpleasant fashion to nip my flirtation in the bud, I turned to the French window opening to the garden, and offering my arm to the young lady, suggested how much pleasanter would be a quiet stroll in that lovely moonlight, than the heat and crush of the crowded ball-room. To this she at first demurred, but as I stood firm, she gave way, and with an adorable little shrug of her ivory shoulders, and a deprecatory side-glance at me, she put her arm in mine, wondering faintly what people would think of her non-appearance, and allowed me to lead her from the close, oppressive atmosphere of the house to the fresh scent-laden breezes of an English garden in July.

By Jove! how triumphant I felt! I—the shy, mannerless boy—the butt of that wretch Osborne! I, who was supposed not to be able to say *ho* to a goose, much less to a pretty woman! Here I was with the loveliest girl I had ever met on my arm, pressing her hand, gazing into her eyes, murmuring soft speeches in her ear, and meeting with no repulse. On the contrary, there was actual encouragement in the bright flush which came and went on her young cheek, in the downcast lashes, the pleading looks of her violet eyes, in the unrelenting passiveness of the soft small hand I held in mine. We instinctively chose those paths which were least overlooked by the reception rooms. This was not so easy a matter. The gardens, though prettily laid out in smooth-shaven lawn and brilliant flower-bed, had a tasteless absence of shade about them. Each path and walk were so open to inspection, and the bright July moon, though so fair and beautiful, seemed that night to be too vivid in its beams—exceeding its duty in fact, and so becoming rather unpleasant than otherwise. This idea appeared to strike my fair companion equally with myself, for, with a gentle pressure of my arm, she drew me into a side path away from the house, which I had imagined in my own mind to be a No Throughfare, it being ended by a high iron gate. Of this, however, she seemed to know the secret, for she quickly opened it, and stood leaning against it, waiting for me to pass through. What a picture she made standing there! the light breeze stirring her golden hair, and the pale moonbeams shedding an unearthly radiance over her finely-chiselled features, her lithe, graceful figure, and the soft crape and water-lilies of her dress. My young pulses beat fast as I gazed, and only a dim feeling of respect for her trust and loneliness prevented me from kissing her outright. The young lady's vivacity seemed to increase as we left garden, music, lights, and supervision behind us. There was a wild sparkle in her eye, and a kind of fierce energy in her manner as she suddenly faced me, and said, "Now, sir, you will be pleased to tell me who you are, where you come from, and why you came here?" Taking her hand in mine, and murmuring, "I am your devoted slave, and I came all the way from Pall Mall only to see you," I followed her into the fruit garden, the iron gate closing slowly behind with a dull, cruel sound.

"Now for the gooseberries," said the lady. "I know the finest bushes, and if you are really my devoted slave you will not mind picking me some; but, for heaven's sake," she added, with a sudden shiver, "take care and do not prick yourself!"

Now I cannot say I have ever felt well-disposed towards the gooseberry. I consider it a vulgar fruit, and none of my associations connected with it are of a pleasant description. From my earliest infancy I was told that my grandfather had played "old gooseberry" with the family estates; an interesting heyday of thirteen more than once informed me that my eyes closely resembled that fruit when boiled; and I have never met my friend in society, sailing under false colors in a thin disguise of tin-foil, wire, effervescence, and ice, that I have not said to myself, in the words of Mr. Witterley to his wife when she was enjoying the too-exhausting society of the nobility—"You will suffer for this to-morrow." Therefore do I loathe the gooseberry, even when plucked and prepared on the dining-room table; but, oh dear! to pick them myself by moonlight! To bend your back, soil the knees of your trousers, prick your fingers with their venomous thorns, feel their sickly contents bursting in the wrong place and oozing out over your snowy wrists! This is an amount of downright misery for which the fruit itself offers no compensation. But for that violet-eyed vision in crape and lilies, what would I not have gone through! So, drawing off my gloves, and taking a small penknife from my pocket, I knelt down by the side of the bushes and began picking the plump, ripe berries, and giving them to my fair enslaver, who ate them with much satisfaction. I plucked and cut; she ate, the monotony of the proceedings being relieved by some delicious pauses, in which our eyes and hands would meet, and our hearts thrill with mutual sympathy. In my entranced

state I forgot the young lady's caution, and gathered the fruit heedlessly enough.

"Deuce take the things!" I exclaimed, as the sharpest of pointed blades struck deeply into my finger; and, thinking we had had enough of gooseberry picking for the present, I rose from my labors, and gave the last few I had gathered to my companion, who was standing against a small fruit-tree by my side. In doing so, a drop of blood fell from my cut finger on the little white hand held out to receive my offering. The moon was shining more brightly than ever, and lit up the whole scene with the clearness of day. The girl cast her eyes to her hand, and marked the crimson stain glistening there in the mellow light. "Good God! What was it? Why did my blood suddenly freeze within me? What was this awful terror which was taking possession of me? Why do her eyes change and her mouth lose its lovely expression in those fierce, unnatural lines? Why is her small hand rigid with rage as she points to the hateful stain? I know not. I know and feel nothing but a frantic wish to run—to run from this awful spectre, standing in the moonlight by the dark-green apple tree. I see the froth seething through the pale lips, the wild roar of the fierce eyes, the livid pallor of the fair cheeks. I hear her shrill scream of triumph as she seizes and seizes the small knife glittering on the ground, where I had dropped it; and with supernatural will I lift my feet, which seem rooted to the earth, and run—for dear life. I hear still ringing on my ear that fearful burst of unnatural, dreary laughter bubbling from her lips—the sharp, hysterical animal-like cry of "Blood! Blood!" and then the swift light steps of pursuit. I know not which way to turn, when I suddenly think of the gate, and rush in that direction. I hear her steps gaining rapidly upon me, I feel her hot breath upon my neck as I turn the corner and see the gate at the end of the walk. I fly like the wind. Shall I reach the gate in time? It may be locked, I think. No, mercy! it is ajar. I am just through when with a savage yell and cat-like spring she is on me. I feel her iron grasp upon my throat, and my heart stands still with terror. A passing cloud had obscured the moon, and now I felt more than saw the ghastly shimmering of her white dress, the faint, distorted outlines of her terrible face, and the convulsive strainings of her frame. I think of the knife—may, feel its sharp point touching, wounding my cheek. With sudden, desperate effort I shake off the paralysis of terror which is freezing my blood to ice, and with all the strength I am master of wrench myself free from her murderous grasp, and, seizing her wrists, fling her violently, savagely from me. She falls. It is no time for qualms; and I rush on, bleeding and breathless, through the gate, up the walk, over lawn and flower-bed, straight to the open window of the ball-room. As I reach the terrace I hear the gate open and my pursuer's rapid foot-steps on the gravel path. I have only time to wrap my handkerchief round my bleeding hand and enter the ball-room, when she rushes after me with the spring of a tiger, shrieking, with foaming lips, the same fearful cry of "Blood! Blood!"

Four of the muscular attendants seize the lithe, struggling figure of the poor maniac—for maniac she was—and bear her, in spite of her terrible shrieks, out of the apartment.

"I'll never come to these asylum balls again," said a nervous, corpulent old gentleman, who had been a near witness of the scene. "I thought these violent ones were never allowed to be present. I shall see after my carriage at once. Too bad—too bad!"

I understood it all now. The little practical joke, so pleasantly arranged by my friends in the morning was to take me unwittingly to this annual insane asylum ball, that they might extract a little fun out of me—amuse themselves, in fact, at my fresh and innocent mistakes. I went up to them, and was on the point of seeking an explanation of the whole business, when I stopped short. For the first time in his life Osborne was not up to a taunt or a sneer. His lips were bloodless, his whole aspect that of a man shocked to his very marrow; and as I reached him he fell senseless to the ground.

The unhappy girl I had so strangely met was his sister—the only being he had ever really loved.

I was, as may be imagined, much shaken by what I had gone through; and I saw the last of my friend Osborne when I left him safe at his chambers on that eventful July evening.

The Result of an Accident.

Accident has sometimes proved the stepping-stone to success; and not the least interesting items in the history of industrial as well as abstract science are those in which some incident, trivial in itself, has constituted the turning point in the evolution of an important principle. As an illustration a circumstance is mentioned the direct result of which was the invention of the vulcanizing process whereby India-rubber is fitted for the numberless purposes to which its use is now essential. After long years of effort and disappointment, Charles Goodyear stood apparently as far as ever from the attainment of his object, until one day, while in earnest conversation regarding his proposed invention, he emphasized an assertion by flinging away at random a piece of rubber combined with sulphur that he held in his hand. The fragment falling upon the stove, was subjected to a higher heat than that to which he had ever ventured designedly to subject the material; and when it was recovered it was found to possess the qualities for which he had sought so long; could not soften the water-proof and elastic mass. And thus sprang forth the germ of an invention that has built up a new branch of manufacturing industry, given employment to thousands of operatives, and added in myriads forms to the conveniences of life.

The English army in Abyssinia was greatly aided by an American invention for procuring water. A London paper says that Gen. Sir Robert Napier compelled "a lofty African desert to yield water by an American device not a twelve month old." A half-dozen mules "are drawn up, loaded with thin steel tubes. Tap, tap, tap, goes a hammer, rigged up in five minutes, and in ten the curse of Africa has been conquered, as if a new Moses had smitten the rock, and pure water for an army is spouting among the stones."

Ernest Renan has just published a volume on the philosophy of politics, which is calculated to create in the political world as profound sensation as his essays on the philosophy of religion created in religious circles.

Summering.

If you want the luxury of rest, and that is what our citizens most need, go to a farmhouse, several miles from a railroad station, or steamboat landing, which promises nothing more than cleanliness and plain fare, whose occupants make no pretensions to have descended from the Great Mogul; or to have been once rich, and lost all by going security; who don't own to having any rich relations, nor to have had as boarders, formerly, the Queen of Sheba, or Cleopatra, or Victoria Regina. If you happen at a farmhouse where they begin on "this line," you may be sure that will be their only "line," and their biggest line, to the end of the chapter, and had better "move" right off bag and baggage, even if it is dark, and camp out that night in the corner of a fence, a mile off. Why do our people submit so passively to the robberies and impositions of Long Branch, Saratoga and Cape May? What of rest, enjoyable rest, do any of such places give to a weary body, to an overworked brain, and a constitution ready to break by the excessive toils of city life. Go, reader, where you can dress in your commonest clothing; and you poor overworked wife don't take that everlasting "sewing" along with you; resolve not to take a single stitch during your entire absence; let your only "sewing apparatus" consist of a ball of yarn, a skein of silk, and two needles; leave your thumb at home; if you sew on all the buttons, and keep the stockings darned, that will be quite enough. Sleep from dark until sunrise; be out and about on foot or horse, in carriage, rowing, boating, swimming, botanizing; or with hammer and microscope study the rocks and read the histories of the localities from ages before the Flood, as you can do; climb mountains, explore caves; in short, do anything and everything which will entertain, instruct, or gratify yourself, or others, from breakfast until noon, and from dinner to sun-down; so that when you come home to dinner, you will be as hungry as a bear, and bacon, cabbage and corn-bread will taste sweet to you; after dinner you go again, that when you come home at sun-down, you will sigh for the bed, hardly taking time to have a dry cracker and a cup of tea, all that you ought to have, and all that night you will sleep like a baby, and next morning you will feel hungry enough to eat your wife and children, and so happy and good natured that life would have new charms for you. Rest from care, from business anxiety, from dress, and the needle, from the conventionalities of society, these are what city people need during summer, and they most certainly are not to be had at the seaside or the Spa.

A grand good idea for all concerned, would be for the managers of the Pacific Railroad to take persons for half fare to the utmost limit of their line, beyond even Cheyenne; this would make the road talked about, would bring it to the attention of the public, who, when they saw the safety and profitability of the investment, would want more stock than the company want to part with, and would give excursionists a more correct idea of the vastness of our country than they could get by a year's reading. At all events, it would be a grand and novel excursion; what's the use of hanging always around the Falls, and Mammoth Cave, and the Bay of Fundy; let us get up some new thing under the sun, and by next year we may be able to "rail" it to the Yosemite, the Sierra Nevada, and the cedars of three thousand years ago.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

How to be a Millionaire.

As there is no royal road to learning, so also is there no short-cut to exceptional affluence. It is possible, according to statistics, for only one thousand men in the United States to grasp \$1,000,000 a year. Or rather, such a grasp is impossible, for it would be a grab of all the surplus yearly products of the Union, which no conceivable number of men could make successfully. A writer in the Galaxy, however, enumerates a few of the conditions, positive and negative, which may be regarded as indispensable to the average achievement of a millionaire's position:

You must be a very able man, as nearly all millionaires are.

You must devote your life to the getting and keeping of other men's earnings.

You must eat the bread of carefreeness, and you must rise early and lie down late.

You must care little or nothing about other men's wants or suffering or disappointments.

You must not mind it, that your great wealth involves many others' poverty.

You must not give away money except for a natural equivalent.

You must not go meandering about Nature, nor spend your time enjoying air, earth, sky and water; for there is no money in it.

You must not distract your thoughts from the great purpose of your life with the charms of art and literature.

You must not let philosophy or religion engross you during the secular time.

You must not allow your wife or children to occupy much of your valuable time or thoughts.

You must never permit the fascinations of friendship to inveigle you into loans, however small.

You must abandon all other ambitions or purposes; and finally—

You must be prepared to sacrifice ease and all fanciful notions you may have about tastes and luxuries, and enjoyments, during most, if not all, of your natural life.

A Quakeress at Bloomington, Indiana, jealous of her husband, watched his movements, and one morning actually discovered the truant kissing the servant girl. Broad-brim was not long in discovering the face of his wife, as she peeped through the half-opened door, and rising with all the coolness of a general officer, thus addressed her: "Betsey, these had better quit peeping, or there will be a disturbance in the family."

There is a story of a man who bought a lot of hogs in Illinois and drove them slowly to Chicago. He was compelled to sell at a loss of four hundred dollars. Returning home, he was asked by his neighbors what were the profits of the operation. "Well," said he, "I reckon I didn't make much money out of the trip, but I had the company of the hogs down."

Mr. Colfax is described as rather under the medium height, with a form firmly and compactly moulded. His hair is brown, now slightly sprinkled with gray; eyes blue; forehead high and arching. He possesses great vitality, and can endure an extraordinary amount of labor with little fatigue. This coupled with his temperance habits, has caused him to wear his age so well that but few persons would place him even at 40.

Brigham Young on Matrimony, Straw Hats, Basket-Making, and Silk-Growing.

From a sermon delivered in the New Tabernacle, at Salt Lake City, on April 8, 1868.

I will give each of the young men in Israel who has arrived at an age to marry a mission to go straightway and get married to a good sister, fence a city lot, lay out a garden and orchard, and make a home, and especially do not forget to plant a proper proportion of mulberry trees. And I say to you, sisters, if you do not know how to milk a cow you can soon learn. If you do not know how to feed the chickens, get them and learn how, and if your husband takes you to live in ever so small a cottage, make it neat and nice and clean.

Ask your husbands to furnish you some straw for hats and bonnets, and when you get it put more than three straws over your head, and make a hat that will shade you from the scorching sun. When your children arise in the morning, instead of sending them out of doors to wash in cold, hard water, with a little soft soap, and wiping them as though you would tear the skin off them, take a piece of soft flannel, and wipe the faces of your children smooth and nice, dry them with a soft cloth; and instead of giving them pork for their breakfast, give them good wholesome bread and sweet milk, baked potatoes, and also butter milk if they like it, and a little fruit, and I would have no objections to their eating a little rice.

You ought to enter into the cultivation of silk. We can make ourselves independently rich at this business alone, if it is properly pursued. There ought to be a plot of land in each ward devoted to the cultivation of silk, and a cocoonery built in the centre of it. If the worms are well taken care of, the season of feeding only lasts from thirty-five to forty days. If I cannot succeed in getting the sisters with their children to attend to this business, I shall be under the necessity of sending to China for Chinamen to come here and raise silk for us, which I do not wish to do.

Go and raise silk. You can do it, and those who cannot set themselves to work we will set them to work gathering straw and making straw hats and straw bonnets; we will set others to work gathering willows, and others making baskets; we will set others to gathering flax and rushes and to making mats, and bottoming chairs and making carpets.

Instead of hunting gold let every man go to work at raising wheat, oats, barley, corn, and vegetables, and fruit in abundance, that there may be plenty in the land. Raise sheep, produce the finest quality of wool in large quantities. By the migratory system of feeding sheep in this country they will be healthy and produce large clips of wool. I hope, by the blessing of the Lord, to demonstrate this the present season. Real capital consists in knowledge and physical strength.

I wish the sisters to lead out in the fashions. It is very little difference what fashion you produce. I would just as soon see you wear hats with wide brims as not, if you have that fashion that will give comfort and convenience, and produce health and longevity. Tell your husbands to get you a heifer calf or two and some chickens, and you will feed them, and take care of them, instead of feeding pigs, and if your husbands have springs on their land, get them to clean them out and dam them up a little, and introduce the spawn of the best fish we have in these mountains. We can raise fish here, and the cost will be one-fourth less per pound than other meats.

This is for you young women who want to get husbands. Tell the young men who you will sustain yourselves, and teach them how to sustain themselves if they do not know how, if they will only come and marry you. Now, girls, court up the boys; it is leap year. Give them to understand in some way that it is all right—you are ready, and you want to help them to make a good home, to form a nucleus around which to gather the blessings and comforts of life—a place to rally to. Tell the boys what to do; and you, sisters of experience, ye mothers in Israel, go and get up your societies, and these girls what to do, and how to get the boys to come and marry them.

The neglect and lary habits which our boys are falling into are a disgrace, to say nothing about the sin of such conduct. They produce nothing, and consider themselves unable to take care of a family, and they will not marry. This conduct of theirs leaves our young women without partners; they want somebody to look to, and something that they can do to advantage and bless themselves, and have a home to go to. Young men, fit you up a little log-cabin, if it is not more than ten feet square, and then get you a bird to put in your little cage. You will then have something to encourage you to labor and gather around you the comforts of life, and a place to gather them to.

We shall in the future have flax machines here to make the finest of linen, and we can make the cotton and silk in abundance. I would urge the brethren of the Southern country to plant cotton sufficient to supply the wants of the factories that are now in the country, and let us continue our labors until we can manufacture everything we want. We are in the fastnesses of the mountains, and if we do these things, and delight in doing right, our feet will be made fast and immovable like the bases of these everlasting hills.

A Patent Egg-Tester.

An egg-tester has recently been patented in England. It consists of a cubical box, with central funnel-shaped openings in two contiguous sides, opposite which a mirror is placed at an angle of forty-five degrees. On looking into the box through either hole the image of the other hole, reflected by the mirror, appears directly opposite. To test eggs the box is placed with one of the holes uppermost, in which the egg is placed. The light, then transmitted through the egg, forms a sharply defined disc. If the egg is fresh, the illuminated circle will be clear; if stale, the disk will be cloudy, and if bad, the image will be dark and unrecognizable. The apparatus, it is stated, may be used by daylight or candlelight. The light reflected by the mirror to the eye passes entirely through the substance of the egg, and consequently every change from perfect translucency to thorough opacity can be observed.

A Western widow, handsome and learned, manages a large farm, and she raised last year 1,000 bushels of wheat, 1,200 of corn; has a large stock of hogs, sends fat cattle to the New York market, has abundance of flowers, apples, pears, strawberries, and currants, keeps up with current literature—does not want to marry.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Brandy and Water.

Drinking brandy and water is quite popular with certain residents of San Francisco, who have indulged in the habit since the fall of '49 or the spring of '50. Among those given to the habit was a gentleman known to his acquaintances by the sobriquet of "The Major." He liked his brandy and water as well as any one in the world, and indulged in it as often. Some time ago he was stricken down with dropsy, and drew near unto death's door. Hearing of his condition, several of his old cronies called upon him for the purpose of advising him to make his will. They found him in his chamber in a very feeble condition, and finally broached the subject which had induced them to visit him. He listened patiently till they had ceased, when he asked—"Boys, do you ever drink brandy and water?" Expecting to be asked to take some, they all replied that they did. "Twon't do, boys, twon't do," said the Major; "last look here," he continued, as he exhibited his distended abdomen and swollen limbs. "I tell you it won't do. I have been drinking it for the past twenty years, and you see what I've come to; the brandy has evaporated and left the water on my chest, and it's going to kill me. Twon't do to drink anything but pure brandy!"

Jerry White Argues.

Jerry White was a good-humored, jolly-go-lucky sort of a fellow, but his ideas about matters and things were not very luminous. He had a shining idea once in his life, as the following incident will show:

A companion had alluded to the fact that a great fish swallowed Jonah.

"The whale didn't swallow Jonah," said Jerry; "Jonah swallowed the whale."

His comrade looked doubtful, as though the statement was rather too much for his credulity.

"Of course he did," said Jerry, arguing the point. "It would be no miracle at all for a whale to swallow a man, but it would be a big thing for a man to swallow a whale."

Jerry was once a member of Miss Titter's class in Sunday-school, but he completed his Biblical studies at a very early age.

Keeping a Secret.

The disbeliever in woman's ability to keep a secret would have repented his error had he known Lucy P., a pretty brunette, whom everybody scolded for her odd and quizzical sayings, and everybody loved for her frankness. One day she was walking with a friend, arm in arm, and was teasing her friend to tell her something which was not proper to be universally circulated. Her friend answered her, "Tell you, Lucy? No, indeed. I shall do no such thing—you never kept anything twenty-four hours in your life." She flung her arm around her friend's neck in a very convincing manner, and exclaimed, "Oh! Miss X., I can keep a secret, indeed I can. There was Miss A. told me six months ago that she was engaged to be married, and I never told any one of it, and I never will."

Loving the Old Flag.

A Georgia friend mentions the fact that old Uncle Jacob M'Goonson showed a strong love for the "old flag," in a peculiar way, under trying circumstances. When it was hauled down amidst the loud hurrahs and yells of an excited crowd of secessionists gathered before the empty barracks, old Uncle Jacob claimed it earnestly, his white head and bent frame trembling with emotion. "Boys, give it to me. I fought under that flag at New Orleans, and in Georgia, and 'way in Florida 'mong the Seminoles. I love that old flag, boys. Give it to me; don't tear it, boys; give it to your Uncle Jacob, what's so often fought under it. I'll make my de woman a most beautiful dressing-gown!" The mixture of pathos and bathos was irresistible, and Uncle Jacob got the starry dress-pattern.

A Sincere Confession.

There dwell in Maine a good Methodist brother who was "blessed" with a wife of fretful disposition. Being at camp-meeting, they on one occasion knelt together in the tent prayer-meeting. The husband felt called upon to pray, which he did in a devout and proper manner. He was followed by his wife, who, among other things, said: "Thou knowest, Lord, that I am somewhat fretful and cross at home," but before she could announce to the Lord another statement, the husband exclaimed, "Amen!—truth, Lord, every word of it." It would be revealing the secrets of domestic life to disclose the manner and spirit in which the conversation was resumed and ended at the home circle.

A GOOD REASON.—A New York editor tells this story of a wedding in that state:—"When all was arranged and the minister called on any one who objected to the marriage to 'speak now,' there came from the corner a husky note of protest. Of course all eyes, astonished, turned in that direction, when a lean, hungry-looking man, six feet high, emerged from the crowd, holding his handkerchief over his face, and blubbering. 'Why do you object?' asked the parson. 'Case-case, sir, I-I want 'er for myself, I do.'"

HEART DISEASE.—An old gentleman, some weeks ago, on a western railroad, had two ladies, sisters, for companions. The younger, an invalid, soon fell asleep, and the old gentleman expressed his regret at seeing so charming a young lady in ill health. "Ah! yes, indeed," sighed the elder sister, "a disease of the heart." "Dear me," was the sympathetic response, "at her age! Obstinacy, perhaps?" "Oh, no, sir—an ossifer, a Lieutenant!"

A philosophical cabman in Mobile, thus speaks of the section over which his wheels make their tracks: "If you run over a youngster down here in this here ward," said he, "the folks don't say nothin'—kase they have got more children than wittles for 'em—but you just run over a goat, or a sow, or a pig, and blest if a mob ain't arter you in two minits!"

Little Frank was taught that every one was made of dust. One day he was watching the dust in the street, as the wind was whirling it in eddies. "What are you thinking of?" asked his mother. "Oh," said Frank, with a serious face, "I thought the dust looked as though there was going to be another little boy."



COMPARISONS ARE ODISIOUS.

ROMANTIC DEAR.—"Oh, Frederick! Is it not delightful to wander in the quiet country and listen to the cuckoo's note?"

FREDERICK (who has no soul for poetry).—"Oh—ah—yes! I dare say it's all right, only it always reminds me of hiccup!"

Mrs. Jones's Trials.

Mr. Jones was married. He had been married a long time, ever since he could remember, almost. The first Mrs. Jones was a pretty school-boy love, and died early. Mr. Jones was inconsolable for more than six months, and then, finding the burden of his grief too heavy to be borne alone, decided to share his regrets with a sympathizing friend. The connection was a happy one for many years, but alas for the mutability of earthly pleasure! Mr. Jones was again a widower at the age of forty, and being extremely lonely, and having the habit of marrying, he offered his broken life and bereaved affections to Miss Patience Norcross, a mature young lady of thirty.

We have said that Mr. Jones had a habit of being married, and it had so grown upon him that, had Providence opened the way, he would in all probability have followed up a series of bereavements with a succession of consolations. But in selecting Miss Patience he had no regard to compatibility of temper. He had never thought anything about it. His other marriages had been happy accidents, and so far as he knew and reflected, that was the order of nature. But Miss Patience had a habit, and it was in accordance with her name, for it was a falling that leaned to virtue's side, and beyond it. She lived in the remote and in the future. The present with her was never anything but a make shift, a mere temporary expedient till better times. Distance not only lent enchantment to her objects of pursuit, but was absolutely the only charm to which she was sensitive. She really liked Mr. Jones almost up to the hour of his proposal; she meekly tolerated him ever after.

They were boarding for a time, and the wife said submissively to all her friends:—"Oh, yes, it is very comfortable for the present, till we feel able to keep house."

Mr. Jones, after the remark had been reiterated for the fiftieth time, asserted that he was able to keep house. To prove this, he engaged and furnished a tasteful tenement, and another year saw Miss Patience the patient mistress of her own fireside.

"What a pleasant situation," said dame Grundy, as she called on a tour of inspection.

"Why, yes," returned Mrs. Jones, "it is all we can expect in a house we hire. If we were to build we should plan very differently, of course; and, then, you know, one could have the heart to make improvements in shrubbery and fruit trees. Oh, Mrs. Grundy, I hope to live long enough to have a house of my own."

Mr. Jones was well-to-do and good-natured. Moreover, he was a little obtuse, as we have seen, and did not perceive that something to put up with is with some of us a practical necessity. So he said, very generously—

"Mrs. Jones, in another year you shall have a house of your own."

"I am afraid you could not afford to build such a house as I would like."

"I can, and I will. You shall make the plan yourself, or draw a new one if you prefer."

Mrs. Jones sighed. "It will take so long in building," and from that hour every rational enjoyment was deferred till they should get to their new dwelling. There were the usual delays and disappointments, and Mrs. Jones's love of endurance was fully gratified; she was regaled with a "Kangering sweetness long drawn out."

At length the house was built and furnished, the grounds laid out and planted, and the wheels of the new establishment fairly in motion. Moreover, by rare good luck, there was very little to alter or undo; most of the arrangements were desirable, and the experiments successful.

"I hope, my dear," said Mr. Jones, benevolently, "that we are in a condition to take comfort."

"If we ever get settled," assented Mrs. Jones, with a sigh.

Well, years rolled on, and they were settled. The flowers bloomed, and the fruit ripened. The turf thickened into velvet, and the trees grew tall and cast a welcome shade. Strangers paused to admire the premises as they passed, and neighbors paid their various tributes of envy and admiration. Mr. Jones smoked his pipe in the back piazza, and grew to look portly and contented. Not so with Mrs. Jones. To all the encomiums lavished upon her residence she replied, submissively—

"Yes, it's a pretty place, but we don't know whom we built it for. We have no children to come after us, and are just putting up improvements for strangers to pull down."

Was ever a woman so favored with an indulgent fortune? Within a year from the

utterance of this remark, Mrs. Jones was the happy—no, the patient mother of a real, genuine, glorious baby. Mr. Jones, who had with difficulty refrained from happiness before, was uncontrollably jubilant now. The boy was healthy, and handsome, and bright. There was no mistake about him; he was a fixed fact, a star of the first magnitude. He had wants, it is true, for which the fond father was intensely thankful, for to gratify and prevent them was his supreme delight.

But the mother? Alas! here were all of a mother's cares, anxieties, and forebodings. Till the child was weaned she scarcely left the house, or indulged in the simplest luxuries of diet. Then there was the long period of teeth-cutting, during which her maternal anxieties were never appeased. Then she lived in fear of the measles, whooping-cough and scarlet fever, till the young hero met and conquered them all. He grew round and rosy, and she thin and anxious, but still unalterably patient. At school she feared he might study too much or too little, and as her fears were pretty equally divided between the two perils, it is presumed that he avoided both.

Then she had a general misgiving lest he should be spoiled, and from too much petting at home become an indolent and useless member of society. But, though the reader may share her fears in this regard, Master Jones falsified them all. Indulgence and opportunity seemed to agree with him. He was ambitious and self-reliant, and not objectionably wilful. When at last he desired to study for a profession, the mother fitted out his wardrobe with reluctant care, and the first letter she received from college was witnessed with more than the full proportion of her maternal tears.

"I am glad he is doing well," she said, in reply to a remark from her husband, "but I miss him more than I can tell you. Since we have only one, we could but wish he could have stayed with us. The seven years of his student life are very long to wait."

"To wait for what?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"For the good time coming," replied his wife.

"Why, woman, the good time has come long ago. Can't you see it? We've been having it all along."

"It may be so with you, Mr. Jones, but I have never been free from anxiety for a minute in my life."

"And you will never be, my dear," replied Mr. Jones, as he shook the ashes from his cigar. "It is positively your strongest point, and I have quite an admiration for your skill in it. You will find more to submit to in any given circumstances than any woman I ever knew."

Mrs. Jones raised her eyes to her husband's face in meek surprise. She forgave him, and was silent.

Swimming.

We all know that breast swimming is the style commonly adopted all over the world. Beginners commence on the breast, and in nine cases out of ten, they continue to move through the water on their breast all through their lives. It is in the water what walking is on land. To the beginner it has the advantage of being the easiest to learn, and to the adept it has the attraction of having "last" about it. Long distances are mostly performed in this style, as being more steady, and consequently less fatiguing; so that here the breast frequently conquers its more dashing rival, the side. Also, when swimming for pleasure, rather than for glory, we instinctively take to the breast. The chief rules are—1. Spread out your hands (fingers closed) widely, so as to describe as large a circle as you possibly can. If you watch good breast swimmers, you will at first be surprised to observe what a broad sweep they thus make. 2. The same rule holds good for the feet; you cannot describe too large a circle; therefore, send out your legs to their utmost length and breadth. 3. After you have described this circle, in order to complete the stroke, bring the heels together sharply and vigorously. Remember, it is this jerk and quick meeting of the heels which sends you forward. "It is in this particular that Gurr especially excels, so that he can propel himself some five or six feet each stroke. A long stroke could not be made in any other way. The secret of the matter is this, that after the sharp contact of the heels, your body instantly floats along, or rather cuts through the water those five feet without any other effort on your part. The stroke made with the hands or arms really is of small service, except to maintain your balance on the water."

Advice to a man with a pain in his stomach, is to wear a "gash."

AGRICULTURAL.

Improvement of Southern Land.

The Rural New Yorker has a correspondent in the Southwest, who says a good many sensible things. In speaking of the renovation of worn-out cotton lands, by the use of wheat and clover he tells the following story of a plantation so treated:

The plantation contained 1,000 acres, 700 of which were cleared. Cotton wore out the land, and wore out the owner at the same time. A man from the blue grass of old Kentucky, came along and bought it for less than the cost of the buildings on it. He went to work with twelve hands, cleared the briars from the fence corners, and seeded all the land he could with wheat and clover. The next spring he bought up cattle, sheep and hogs, fed off the grain on the ground, cutting only enough for the use of the family and for seed. Grazed the clover two years, turning it under in the fall, with large ploughs and strong mules. Then a crop of corn. This was fed on the ground to hogs, as soon as the corn was hard; then re-seeded with wheat, oats, rye and barley and clover with it. This plan was pursued for six years. His income was six hundred dollars net to the hand, and he lived better than the richest cotton planter in the South, and all his provision was raised at home. After about six years of such treatment, his land produced on an average, eighty bushels of corn to the acre.

This is the only plan to enrich the poor lands at the South. It is nonsense to talk about stable and cow-pen manure, where horses and cattle run out all the year. Sow clover, peas or any green crop, and turn under, and keep at it, and the poorest land can be made rich. Get sheep, hogs, horses, cattle, sow grass, plant less cotton, and you will do well enough.

The editor of the Rural, in making some comments upon the above remarks of his correspondent, says:—"An exhausted tobacco, corn or cotton field, will gain in carbon and mould twice as fast by the rotting of a ton of clover in the field where it grew, as by the return to the field of all the manure made by its consumption." Now, if we add to the ton of clover, the additional ton of clover roots and stubble, and the amount of work done by these roots in penetrating and stirring the soil, we shall begin to understand the effect of this treatment in ameliorating the soil, especially if lime or plaster are freely used at the same time. There is an abundance of land at the North as well as the South, that may be restored to fertility in precisely this way.—New England Farmer.

Evergreens Among Orchard Trees.

Heretofore, planting evergreens among orchards of fruit has been deemed incongruous, and undervaluing the attention of planters, or as presenting a careless waste of land without system or order in arrangement. From some observations we have made this season, however, and from records of several of our correspondents, we predict that but a few years will find many orchards interspersed irregularly with evergreen trees. Closer planting than heretofore recommended, we have no doubt will prevail, as our fruit growers study the devastating effects of too great exposure of the young trees to wind and sun. In most sections this year, while fruit bloomed and set abundantly, gradually, little by little, it has dropped, until many a grower who in early summer counted on bushels can now count fruit only by the dozen. We have watched this falling of the fruit pretty carefully, and while we have no doubt that too great an amount of bloom impaired the vitality and was the first cause of failure, yet observation has taught us that trees partially shaded and screened by evergreens, or by close planting with other trees, have retained their fruit, as a rule, better than those exposed to the full rays of the sun at all points, and the withering blasts of winds, no matter from what quarter. Horticulturists at the west have for some time advocated hedge screens as a protection to their orchards, and we have no desire to undervalue them, but would increase and extend them, while at the same time we would, in planting an orchard of five hundred trees, make one-fifth the number evergreens. Again: believing in closer planting, we, a few years since, set out a dwarf pear orchard, four by eight feet, and an apple orchard of standard, twelve feet apart. The pears are, it is true, growing one way pretty closely together, yet they are all healthy, and this season have retained their fruit better than others which are more widely separated.—The Horticulturist.

MILKING COWS BY STEAM.—The funniest picture we have seen for a long time, out of a professionally comic newspaper, is that representing the operation of a cow milking machine. The cows stand in a row; attached to each teat is a tube with a close-fitting mouth, and all these tubes communicate with pumps, which are driven by steam or horse-power. The cows being thus properly tapped, the pumps are set to work, and the milk drawn from their udders neatly, expeditiously, and with comfort to the animals. Indeed, the editor says, "the cows soon learn to come to the machine if fed or salted a few times while being milked."

LIVE AND DEAD WEIGHT IN SHEEP.—The English rule is to weigh sheep when fattened, and divide the weight by seven and call it quarters. Thus, sheep weighing one hundred and forty pounds, would give twenty pounds a quarter as the dead weight. If the sheep are in good condition, this rule is sufficient for all purposes. Poor sheep will fall below the mark, and extra fat ones go over it.

RECEIPTS.

CHERRIES PRESERVED.—Take fine, large cherries, not very ripe; take off the stems, and take out the stones; save whatever juice runs from them; take an equal weight of white sugar; make the syrup of a teaspoon of water for each pound, set it over the fire until it is dissolved and boiling hot, then put in the juice and cherries, boil them gently until clear throughout; take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes to cool; let the syrup boil until it is rich and quite thick; set it to cool and settle; take the fruit into jars and pots, and pour the syrup carefully over; let them remain open till the next day; then cover as directed. Sweet cherries are improved by the addition of a pint of red currant-juice, and half a pound of sugar to it, for four or five pounds of cherries.

THE RIDDLES.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 57 letters.
My 44, 8, 23, 28, 32, 35, 44, 53, 48, was a French robber.
My 43, 33, 47, 8, 45, 9, 51, 47, was a celebrated Russian warrior.
My 39, 44, 54, 8, 38, 51, 2, was an Irish patriot.
My 8, 41, 53, 41, 10, 13, 30, 33, was the father-in-law and successor of Mahomet.
My 26, 4, 35, 55, 56, 8, 21, 13, 29, 8, 3, a celebrated Barbarian conqueror.
My 11, 31, 43, 33, 19, is the name of a Scotch geologist.
My 37, 14, 15, 30, 30, was an English writer.
My 6, 8, 25, 57, 46, was an Italian poet.
My 1, 23, 34, 24, 27, 7, 8, 2, 53, was a French chronicler.
My 17, 54, 49, 53, 23, was a celebrated French printer and type founder.
My 1, 12, 30, 19, 18, 54, 38, 53, was an English novelist.
My 32, 44, 51, 63, 40, was a Scotch wizard.
My 44, 34, 35, 8, 50, 45, 8, 16, was the first of the four battles that decided the fate of feudalism.
My 1, 12, 38, 36, 8, 11, was a mythical hero of Highland tradition.
My whole is a suggestion which it will be well to remember.
Fullerton, Md.

Double Kebus.

One of the United States.
An excrecence.
A chain of mountains.
A river in France.
A rugged rock.
A lake in the United States.
The initials and finals form the names of two lakes in New York.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Metagram.

I am composed of letters four,
And name a city famed of yore.
My first remove and make a change,
Nought can the heart from me estrange.
Alter the second of my feet,
You'll find me gothic tones repeat.
Remove my third another place,
I bloom in loveliness and grace.
Now change my fourth and straight away
I move in rude and boisterous play.
Baltimore, Md.

EMILY.

Problem.

If from 45 times the square of my age, you subtract twice its cube, the remainder will be 454. How old am I?

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Diaphantine Problem.

To find three whole numbers, the square of the sum of any two of which being diminished by the square of the other, the remainder shall be a square number.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

How far from the end of a stick of timber 45 feet long, of equal size from end to end, must a lever be placed, so that two men may carry at the lever and the third at the end of the stick, and each man carry one-third of the weight of said stick?

W. T. STONEBRAKER.

West Milton, O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Answers to Last.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"Life's tide flows away, while the boor sits on the margin waiting for the ford." GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"He that would thrive must the white sparrow see." RIDDLE.—The Saturday Evening Post.

CHICKENS IN PASTE.—Make a crust as for pies, and roll it out in cakes, large enough to cover a chicken. The chicken should be very nicely plucked and washed, and the inside wiped dry; put in each a small lump of butter, a little salt, pepper, and parsley; have the pot boiling, close the chickens in the dough, pin them up in separate cloths, and boil them three-quarters of an hour; dish them and pour drawn butter over. Pigeons can be cooked in the same manner.

SWISS MODE OF STEWING A LEG OF LAMB.—Take a joint of the above meat, and dredge it well with flour. Lay it in a clean stewpan, with half a pound of the best fresh butter, covering it down close, and let it simmer for one whole hour over a very slow fire. Then introduce into the pan with the meat two large lemons, cut up fine, with two fresh cucumbers, sliced, with the rinds left on. Let these simmer for another hour over a similar fire, with pepper, and salt, and a little mace. Before taking your joint up, place in your stew-pan a scorched onion, entire, to impart to it a flavor of that vegetable. When done, remove the meat into a deep dish pouring the liquor over it.

WHAT SPOILS THE CHEESE.—Too much rennet makes the cheese small rank. Too much salt makes it hard, tasteless, and liable to crack. Too little salt, and it becomes doughy, rancid, and spoils entirely. If the cheese is not cased, it should be greased immediately after coming from the hoop, as the air cracks the green curd.

TO MAKE STRAWBERRY JAM.—Weigh them after the stalks have been stripped from them, and boil them quickly in a preserving pan for half an hour, stirring them during the whole time with a long wooden spoon, but be careful not to bruise them. If currants are plentiful, one pound of red currant juice to every four pounds of strawberries will be found a great improvement. To every pound of fruit add nine ounces of sifted white sugar; mix this well with the boiled strawberries and currant juice when the pan is off the fire, and then boil up the preserve rapidly for about twenty minutes, or until a skin appears on the surface when it cools. Stir the preserve gently but quickly until it is cooked, and be careful to remove all the scum which the sugar throws up. Pour into clean, dry jars, and cover the tops with brandied papers.

Among the sayings attributed to Admiral Farragut is one that "that you can no more make a sailor out of a landlubber by dressing him up in a sea-togery and putting a commission in his pocket, than you could make a shoemaker of him by filling him with sherry cobbles!"

But youth is the season of quick judgments and over hasty conclusions. And though my experience had been brief, I was better able to distinguish between fine gold and alloy. Already the rumor had reached Anne that Aylmer Channing and his wife were not in a felicitous state. The lady was high spirited and rather inclined to jealousy, while Aylmer still made himself as fascinating in society. It was well fate had interposed and saved Anne from the dreary state of a neglected wife. As for myself, I still thought of my episode with a shiver. How weak I must have been to yield to such folly. Perhaps Mr. St. John was right in his estimate of me; but oh, was there no love in the world that could afford to be generous, to forgive freely?

It seemed quite natural to go back to school, though Anne was earnest in her entreaties that this should be the last year. Unconsciously a new hope began to animate me. If I could gain my old position, and it seemed almost possible, I should not hesitate to encounter old friends. Yet I felt a little bitter to think how soon one drops out of memory. Two years before I had been the centre of an admiring circle, now I suppose this homage was paid to a new star. I was no longer in the ranks. Well, I had not made one appeal. I had taken fate at her very worst, and meant to fight my own way up again, or remain in obscurity.

And yet I confess a strange feeling of depression stole over me. My tasks began to prove wearisome. I lived in a constant fever of expectation that was not hope, and began to realize how much I was counting on a slender reed. If it should fail, what was left?

The number of new pupils was quite large, and most of them it appeared to me were exceedingly dull. Magdalene Whitney had come back—this was her last year. Some wonderful change had befallen her. Not merely in disposition, but face and air were softer, sweeter. The girls had always teased her a good deal because she flashed into flame so easily, but now she shunned them. She seemed to desire solitude, and not infrequently I found her in the music-room when there was no practising.

One day I remember she turned suddenly upon me.

"Miss Adriance," she said, "why do you watch me so?"

"It was the easiest to tell the truth," I answered.

"Why?" The deep eyes seemed to pierce me through.

"I don't know that I can explain. You stand so much alone, you are so different from other girls."

"The difference will not repay your close study," and her scarlet lips curled with the most superb scorn.

I made no reply. Why should I care about her since she evidently desired no one's sympathy.

Going to the music-room quite late one afternoon I disturbed her reverie. She appeared confused at first, then bowed coldly and passed me. Something dropped from the folds of her dress. I picked up a note with a broken seal, but bearing no superscription. I took it to my own apartment, and as I laid it on the table the seal caught my eye fairly. "A. C." with a quaint device that I knew well. I started in the utmost surprise.

The rules of correspondence were very strict, but I knew the system of smuggling letters was brought to a state of high perfection among school girls. My duty was to hand this over to Mrs. Ellingwood, who would not scruple to read its contents. I had a more than passing interest in it if it was as I suspected. I took the note out of its enclosure therefore and glanced at the heading—"My dearest Magdalene" in Aylmer Channing's light, graceful chirography. I could not mistake it.

I had not thought the man a deliberate villain before. With a girl of Magdalene's nature the acquaintance could not be one of calm friendship, though that would be little to his taste. In his search for something new and piquant, I could see just how she had attracted him. Her spirit and daring; her fiery, passionate nature; her strange, suggestive face had roused him from the tame duties of married life. I question if fidelity was possible to him. Some fatal desire for change swayed him with an irresistible impulse.

The next morning I summoned Magdalene to my room, as I had resolved upon my course. There was an apprehensive look in her eyes, and a nervousness quite unlike her usual demeanor.

"Does this note belong to you?" I asked.

"I found it in the music room soon after you had left."

"It does," I watched the eager working of the fingers, but I still retained it in my hand.

"I thought such things were forbidden here," I resumed carelessly.

"Then you have read it—you had no right!" and her face was dark with intense passion.

"Perhaps you would prefer Mrs. Ellingwood's scrutiny?"

"Oh, you can give it to her," was the scornful reply. "I could defy you both if I chose."

"Miss Whitney, I prefer to keep your secret. To be reprimanded can do you no possible good; besides, I have a deeper interest in the affair. Will you tell me where you met Mr. Channing?"

She turned pale at the mention of the name. After a long pause she said slowly—

"I cannot tell you anything. I would rather suffer than break a promise, and a most solemn one binds me."

Then she folded her hands and stood calmly waiting, her face settling into impassable lines.

"Is he your lover?"

The only answer was a faint flush.

"I have not read your letter," I went on.

"I knew the seal, because I had some acquaintance with this Mr. Channing, and was once engaged to him."

"Then you hate me as a matter of course," with a bitter sneer.

"As little as I care for him. But he has no right to ask any woman's love, or to win it. He is already married."

A most indifferent and incredulous smile crossed her face.

"It is best that you should be convinced," I said.

"His cousin was my guardian. I have a friend living in Baltimore who is distantly related to him, and through either party I could procure you positive proofs. But it would be better for you to write to him once again and tell him from whom you had the story, and that Miss Adriance is one of the teachers in this place. There is the letter."

She bowed as she took it, and left the room without another word.

I wondered whether she would have sufficient courage to take such a step. That she should take pains to shun me was in no wise remarkable, and I made no further effort to gain her confidence. Indeed my own affairs occupied much of my thoughts. Every day was bringing me nearer the test of failure or triumph. It was so strange to bear it in this utter solitude—no one to uphold me with a smile.

Yet I believe I was a good deal surprised when the announcement was fairly made. It was the beginning of December. A week later I received a parcel by express. I hurried it up to my room with a strange, faint sensation, as if the throbbing of my heart would strangle me. With what eager haste I tore off the wrappings. There, in its bright cover and clear type, was my treasure, the work of hours and moods that had run through the cycle of human joys, delights, fears and almost despair. I was in a trance, a far off world of my own; these faces around me were like some distant visions, these tasks a chain that dragged my body to earth, but did not touch my soul.

I must confess to an almost wild delight in its first perusal, for the fact of authorship had been hardly realized as yet. In my solitary life it was such a great event. It became love and hope, the solace that happier women find in their homes and children. It was a part of myself, henceforth indissoluble.

Let I should fly to the heights of rapture, the publishers thought fit to moderate my expectations. Business was very dull, indeed; they had hesitated about issuing it at such an unfavorable time, but I might rely upon them to do their best, only I must not be too sanguine, or too deeply disappointed in case it was not a success.

When the first excitement had subsided and I came back to common life, the whole atmosphere appeared dull and tame. My tense nerves relaxed, my busy brain yielded to a sort of stupor. I could not bring myself to care for anything; I seemed old and worn, past the pleasures of youth and hope. A dreariness took complete possession of me. I had made my great effort, like a gambler who plays his last card, and now won.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GRACIE.

Who hath grace like a floating swan?
Who hath eyes like an angel's dawn?

Who hath cheeks like the summer dawn?
Who hath lips whose kisses are mine?

Who bridle sunshine into her hair,
Weaving golden shadows between?

Who hath beauty beyond compare?
Gracie, my queen—Gracie, my queen!

What is so sweet as Gracie's smile?
What is so free from subtle art?

What is so far from sin and guile
As my Gracie's womanly heart?

What is so fair as Gracie's hand,
Modestly pointing me on my way?

She is my sovereign to command—
I am her subject to obey.

Gracie sits in my temple of thought—
Gracie roams in my castle of dream;

All the good of my life is wrought
By the inspiration that beams

Out of her pure and heavenly face:
Tapers of angels are her eyes,

Which I will follow, by God's grace,
Unto the gates of Paradise.

Five Brothers' Five Fixes.

JACK THE SAILOR'S FIX.

Sailor Jack, as his brothers called him, was in reality a commander in the royal navy. At this moment, he is in command of H. M. S. —, and owing to several circumstances, will, though very young, be probably soon made a post-captain. He has the Victoria Cross, besides sundry medals. As Ned had finished his tale, Jack, throwing away the end of his cigar, began:

"I do not much fancy, now that I am a small-great man, and commander in the navy, to relate my story of a fix; but as Dick has bound us all, honor bright, to tell the whole truth, I must even speak out, and create a laugh at my own expense, for laugh at me I am sure you will."

"Some ten or twelve years ago, when I was very young, and had just been made acting lieutenant on board H. M. S. *Lion*, 90 guns, we were cruising in the South Pacific, and had been compelled, by bad weather, to put into the Bay of Islands, on the north-east coast of the northern island of New Zealand. I was very fond of botany, and had often heard of the richness and beauty of the New Zealand ferns, and knew well that the neighborhood of the Bay of Islands was noted for many rare kinds. As our ship was going to Auckland, and would, in a few days, time, return, and again pass near the bay, I asked leave of our captain to remain on shore till the *Lion* came back. The permission I sought was readily granted, and though I was much laughed at by my brother-officers for wishing to waste my leave in such an outlandish spot, I cared little for their ridicule. Nor did I pay much attention as I ought to have done to the kindly warning of my captain about Maoris. The last I recollect, as I went over the ship's side, was a remark from one of my brother-officers to the effect that he would bet I brought back with me a brown wife; and I remember, as I was rowed to land, that I noticed a whaler just entering the bay. I little thought how nearly my brother-officer's remark would come true, nor what a nuisance the whaler would prove."

"I landed in due time at Kororarika, and after engaging a room at the public, for it would be wrong to use the town inn, I started on a fern expedition. Here and there I wandered, through one gully, and then through another, till at last I found myself on a beautiful sandy beach. Being tired with my walk, I sat down to arrange my specimens in my portfolio. At my feet lay Boatwain, a large Newfoundland dog, who belonged more or less to the *Lion*, but who, although he was the common property of all on board, always made a point of specially attaching himself to me whenever he could. A low growl from Boatwain caused me to turn my head, when I saw a canoe with five Maoris in it pulling towards the beach. When they reached land, I was struck with the peculiar interest they seemed to take in me. They looked at me most attentively, looked me all over in fact from head to foot, and then talked earnestly among themselves; then one of them spoke to me. I could make nothing out of their horrible lingo save that two words, something like Johnson and Boatwain, were constantly repeated, and that the tone of my addresser was evidently that of a person asking ques-

tions. Nor could I make anything out of the signs used. The man pointed to the other side of the bay, rolled up a small blanket, and hugged it, and danced it in his arms, then held up two fingers, and went through pantomimic actions expressive of great joy. All I could do was to shake my head, and wonder what on earth the fellow was about. At last, to my relief, after they had had another good stare at me, another set of unintelligible questions and pantomime, and another consultation among themselves, in which words resembling Johnson and Boatwain again figured, they departed. Four of their number went up the hill towards the town; and one remained, as I supposed, to take care of the boat, but it really to watch me. I closed my portfolio, and began to make preparations for departure. The four Maoris were not out of sight, but they were walking fast, and I intended to saunter slowly, so we should not again meet. Meantime, Boatwain had rambled off to a considerable distance. I whistled and called out loudly "Boatwain, Boatwain!" At the first mention of that unfortunate word, I saw the Maori who was left by the boat seize his head quickly. No sooner had I called my dog two or three times, than he gave a most unearthly scream, that might have been heard half-way across the Pacific. The four other Maoris rushed back down the hill; there was a hurried consultation. With joyful faces, they seized me, placed me in the boat, and then shoved off, and began to pull or paddle as hard as they could. Boatwain had jumped in after me.

"The whole thing took place in a few seconds. Resistance would have been useless. Before I had time to think, the dog and I were in the most comfortable part of the canoe. Four of our captives were fast paddling us across the bay, and the fifth was steering. I began seriously to calculate whether Boatwain and I might make a fight of it; but no—I would not do; the odds against us were too great, and the Maoris were all tall, broad, powerful men. Besides—strange as it seemed—though they were determined to carry me off against my will, they were very kind and attentive. They gave me blankets to sit on, offered me tobacco and drink, and kept on grinning at me in a sort of complimentary manner. There was nothing for me to do but to grin and bear it; so I smoked away, and philosophically waited the issue of events. After a sharp pull of some ten miles, we arrived at the opposite side of the bay, where was the small village of Rawhiti. Directly the canoe reached land, the men took me out, hoisted me on their shoulders, and trotted off with me at a good round pace. Soon we came to a house rather better than those around it, with several people outside. There were loud shouts as I approached. With great rapidity, and, as I thought, without much ceremony, I was hurried into one of the rooms. Immediately I was surrounded by a lot of semi-nude Maori women, who kept on dancing about me, and with great glee, rubbing, or rather, I should say, gently touching the tip of my nose with the tip of theirs, uttering at the same time a low wailing sound. This, I must tell you, is the Maori manner of salutation. In another moment, an old hag—for so I then thought her—thrust two very small, very nasty, whitish brown babies into my arms, and put first the face of one of them, and then the face of the other, against my nasal organ. I could stand it no longer; I expostulated, gesticulated, and used, I am afraid, pretty strong language. But it was all of no use; I could not make myself understood, nor could I understand why I should be so persecuted, especially in such a manner. I sat down on the floor, quite sulky. Soon I perceived arrangements were being made for my introduction into another hut, probably that in which no doubt the interesting mother of the nasty brats was lying. I was not going to bear that—I was getting rather mad; I made up my mind to fight my way out or die. A loud noise out of doors caused me to turn my face towards the window; I saw a whaler's boat rapidly approaching the land. A young man jumped out, and ran up to the house where I was. Apparently, he was captain of a whaler. He wore a suit of pilot-cloth with some brass buttons, and on his head a sailor-kind of cap, with some brass ornament round it. He was about my age and size; and though, of course, very different from me in manners, style, and conversation, he might possibly, by some foolish persons, have been said to be not unlike me. He was followed by a large black dog, somewhat of Boatwain's breed. He and his dog bounded into the room where I was sulking sitting on the floor, with one baby on my lap, and another by my side."

"I hardly know how to describe the scene which followed, or the order of events. Boatwain and the strange dog were at it at once hammer and tong, fighting, barking, howling, gnashing. I cannot repeat the language of the new-comer; but with an awful Yankee twang, and with horrible oaths and odious epithets, he at once began: "Well, stranger, I calculate you are a tarnation skunk of a Britisher. I'll clear you out in a moment, and pay you off for your impudence! I swear I will!"

"The man was in a furious rage. The language he used, the abuse and imprecations he hurled at me, were enough to set any one's blood boiling, especially that of a person already irritated as I was, and who was now sworn at, and about to be kicked out like a dog, because, forsooth, I was in a room into which I had been unintelligibly brought against my will. I gave the Yankee a sharp answer; he returned a sharper reply, and with it kick and a blow. All this passed in a second or two. In another moment, he and I were fighting, and that too most desperately. We luckily had no weapons, but were both in a terrible rage. In our fury, we felt no pain. We hit, we kicked, we wrestled, and grappled each other's throats. It was no fair fist-fight, but more like a struggle for life and death. I felt at the moment that I would kill him if I could; and he, I am sure, had the same feeling. Our clothes were torn; our faces were streaming with blood; the small bone of my left arm had been broken by a fall against the table; half the Yankee's teeth had been knocked down his throat; the women were howling around us; the two dogs, looking at a deadly embrace, were writhing about; while my antagonist and I, sometimes one of us on the top, and sometimes the other, were rolling over and over on the ground."

"It was a scene, I assure you. At length a number of men entered. The Yankee and I were forcibly separated, the dogs were torn asunder. I do not recollect much more; I suppose I fainted. When I came to myself, I was in bed, my left arm in splints, an English doctor sitting by my side, and I had a hazy idea of a blood-stained Boatwain limping across the room."

"There now, lie down," said the man at my bedside. "Drink this. You will be quite well to-morrow, except your arm. It is all right; Johnson is very sorry indeed."

"Johnson sorry. Who, what, is all this?" I began indistinctly to murmur; but in a few moments I was fast asleep.

"Next day, I awoke about twelve o'clock, rather stiff, rather sore, and with my left arm, of course, still in splints, but, thanks to a good constitution, not bad in other respects. In my room was my antagonist of yesterday. His face showed signs of severe punishment, but he was quite calm and good-humored, and, in spite of black eyes and partly-colored bruised features, looked more gentlemanly than he had done the day before. He smiled a somewhat ghastly smile, and advanced towards my bedside holding out his hand. I shook it warmly as he said he was eternally sorry for the mistake—a mistake, he added, which, he guessed, would lick all mistakes in creation; he calculated I would stop with him the rest of that day and night, and that we would liquor up awfully."

"I did stop, and spent a very pleasant evening. Either the Yankee's baccy was too strong, or I was too weak in my battered state to drink much, or perhaps I did liquor up awfully. All I know is, I had a most rattling headache next morning. The explanation of the whole matter was this:—Mr. or Captain Johnson, as he liked to be called, had married a Maori woman from a distant part of the country. Just before he started on his last whaling voyage, he brought Mrs. Johnson to Rawhiti, having bought a house there. He was so very short a time at Rawhiti before he sailed, that hardly any of the natives knew him by sight. On the day that his whale-ship returned to the Bay of Islands, Mrs. Johnson had twins. A lot of natives who were very much, peculiarly and otherwise, interested in the well Maori lady or Maori woman who had gained the dignity of being a whaler's wife, on recommending the whaler, set off to find Captain Johnson, that they might be the first to give him the good news, and row him across the bay. Unfortunately, all they knew of Captain Johnson was, that he was a good-looking gentleman, with light hair, dressed like a sailor, and accompanied by a large black dog, called Boatwain. Unfortunately, too, they met me. They could not explain matters to me, nor I to them. My calling the dog Boatwain, settled the matter. Once started on a false scent, nobody dreamed of the mistake. Johnson, coming on shore in his own boat, was naturally enough in a rage at finding me installed as master in his house, and apparently the owner of the affections of his wife; and so I first got into a fix with my own supposed babies and Maori friends, and then into a bigger fix with my Yankee double. Improbable as the story may seem, it really did occur, and I have exaggerated nothing. For many years, my friends and acquaintances used to inquire after my Maori wife and children; and to this day I believe I am known to the youngsters in the navy—behind my back, of course—by the name of 'Maori Jack.'"

PASSENGER BY!

Ah, yes! we mingle, man with man,
We meet, then pass each other by,
Unconscious of the hidden strife,
Unguessing of the smothered sigh;
Ah! so we pass each other by.

For who will be the first to break
The heart's most sacred, secret seal,
And all its hidden wealth of love,
Or poverty of joy reveal.

We meet, clasp hands, but mask our hearts,
And hide the sorrow that we feel,
When by our side, perhaps there beats
A heart that could that sorrow heal.

Alas! and often when we read
In some sad face the soul's great need
Of human sympathy and care—
Or trace the lines of dark despair—

We coldly pass when, it may be,
A tender word from thee or me
Would soothe that troubled heart, and win
That soul, perhaps, from some great sin.

Pass on! pass on! in joy or pain,
Your care is not my care, we say;
Pass on! we may not meet again,
The way you go is not my way.

The Special Train to Leghorn.

What I have—wife, position, independence—I owe to the opportunity for exercising the very simple and unpretending combination of qualities that by the name of ability. But to my story.

My father was a wealthy country gentleman, of somewhat more than the average of intelligence, and somewhat more than the average of generosity and extravagance. His younger brother, a solicitor in large practice in London, would in vain remonstrate as to the imprudence of his course. Giving freely, spending freely, must come to an end. It did; and at twenty I was a well-educated, gentlemanly pauper. The investigation of my father's affairs showed that there was one shilling and sixpence in the pound for the whole of his creditors, and of course nothing for me.

"The position was painful. I was half engaged to—that is, I had gloves, flowers, a ringlet, a carte de visite of Alice Morton. That, of course, must be stopped."

Mr. Silas Morton was not ill-pleased at the prospect of an alliance with his neighbor Westwood's son while there was an expectation of a provision for the young couple in the union of estates as well as persons; but now, when the estate was gone, when I, Guy Westwood, was shillingless in the world, it would be folly indeed. Nevertheless I must take my leave.

"Well, Guy, my lad, had job this; very bad job; thought he was safe as the bank. Would not have believed it from any one—not from any one. Of course all that nonsense about you and Alice must be stopped now; I'm not a hard man; but I can't allow Alice to throw away her life in the poverty she would have to bear as your wife; can't do it; wouldn't be the part of a father if I did."

I suggested I might in time.

"Time, sir! How much? She's nineteen now. You're brought up for nothing; know nothing that will earn you a sixpence for the next six months, and talk about time. Time, indeed! Keep her waiting till she's thirty, and then break her heart by finding it a folly to marry at all."

"Ah! Alice, my dear, Guy's come to say

"Goodby; he sees, with me, that his altered position compels him, as an honorable man, to give up any hopes he may have formed as to the future."

He left us alone to say "Farewell!"—a word too hard to say at our ages. Of course we consulted what should be done. To give each other up, to bury the delicious past, that was not to be thought of. We would be constant, spite of all. I must gain a position and papa would then help us.

Two ways were open; a commission in India, a place in my uncle's office. Which? I was for the commission, Alice for the office. A respectable influential solicitor; a position not to be despised; nothing but cleverness wanted; and my uncle's name, and no one to wait for; no liver complaints; no Sepoys; no sea voyages; and no long separation.

"Oh, I'm sure it's the best thing."

I agreed not unnaturally, then, that it was the best.

"Now, you young people, you've had time enough to say 'Goodby,' so be off, Off. Here, my lad, you'll need something to start with," and the old gentleman put into my hands a note for fifty pounds.

"I beg, sir, that you will not insult!"

"God bless the boy! 'Insult!' Why, I've dined you on my knee hundreds of times. Look you, Guy,"—and the old fellow came and put his hand on my shoulder—"it gives me pain to do what I am doing. I believe for both your sakes it is better you should part. Let us part friends. Come now, Guy, you'll need this; and if you need a little more, let me know."

"But, sir, you cut me off from all hope; you render my life a burden to me. Give me some definite task; say how much you think ought to be to have; I mean how much I ought to have to keep Alice—I mean Miss Morton—in such a position as you would wish."

Alice added her entreaties, and the result of the conference was an understanding that if within five years from that date I could show an income of five hundred pounds—why, on that he thought we could live for a few years comfortably.

There was to be no correspondence whatever, no meetings, no messages. We protested and pleaded, and finally said:

"Well, well, Guy; I always liked you, and I liked your father before you. Come to us on Christmas day, and you shall find a vacant chair beside Alice. There, now; say 'Good-by' and be off."

I went off. I came to London, to one of the little lanes leading out of Cannon street. Five hundred a year in five years! I must work hard.

My uncle took little notice of me; I fancied he worked me harder than the rest, and paid me the same. Seventy-five pounds a year is not a large sum. I had spent it in a month before now, after the fashion of my father; now I hoarded; made clothes last; and kept my enjoying faculties from absolute rust by a weekly half-price to the theatre—the pit.

The year passed. I went down at Christmas, and for twenty-four hours was alive; came back and had a raise of twenty pounds in salary for the next year. I waited for opportunity, but it came not.

The job-trot routine of office work continued for two years more, and at that time I was worth but my salary of one hundred and thirty-five pounds a year—one hundred and thirty-five pounds! a long way from five hundred pounds. Oh, for opportunity! I must quit the desk, and become a merchant; all successful men had been merchants; money begets money. But to oppose all these thoughts of change came the memory of Alice's last words at Christmas: "Wait and hope, Guy, dear; wait and hope. Certainly; it's so easy to."

"Governor wants you, Westwood. He's sharp this morning; very sharp; so look out, my dear nephew."

"You understand a little Italian, I think?" said my uncle.

"A little, sir."

"You will start to-night for Florence, in the mail train. Get there as rapidly as possible, and find whether Colonel Wilson is residing there, and what lady he is residing with. Learn all you can as to his position and means, and the terms on which he lives with that lady. Write to me, and wait there for further instructions. Mr. Williams will give you a check for one hundred pounds; you can get circular notes for fifty pounds, and the rest cash. If you have anything to say, come in here at five o'clock; if not, good-morning. By-the-by, say nothing in the office."

I need not say that hope made me believe my opportunity was come.

I hurried to Florence and discharged my mission; sent home a careful letter, full of facts, without comment or opinion, and in three weeks' time was summoned to return. I had done little or nothing that could help me, and in a disappointed state of mind packed up and went to the railway station at St. Dominic. A little row with a peasant as to his demand for carrying my baggage caused me to lose the last train that night, and so the steamer at Leghorn. The station-master seeing my vexation, endeavored to console me.

"There will be a special through train to Leghorn at nine o'clock, ordered for Count Spazzatto; he is good-natured, and will possibly let you go in that."

It was worth the chance, and I hung about the station till I was tired, and then walked back towards the village. Passing a small wine-shop, I entered, and asked for wine in English. I did not know what whim possessed me when I did it, for they were unable to understand me without dumb motions. I at length got wine by these means, and sat down to while away the time over a railway volume.

I had been seated about an hour when a courier entered, accompanied by a railway guard. Two more different examples of the human race it would be difficult to describe.

The guard was a dark, savage-looking Italian, with rascal and bully written all over him; big, black, burly, with bloodshot eyes, and thick, heavy, sensual lips—the man was utterly repulsive.

The courier was a little, neatly-dressed man, of no age in particular; pale, blue-eyed, straight-lipped, his face was a compound of fox and rabbit; that only a fool, or a patriot, would have trusted out of arm's length.

This ill-matched pair called for brandy, and the hostess set it before them. I then heard them ask who and what I was. She replied I must be an Englishman, as I did not understand the Italian for wine. She then left.

They evidently wanted to be alone, and my presence was decidedly disagreeable to them; and muttering that I was an Englishman, they proceeded to try my powers as a linguist.

The courier commenced in Italian, with remark on the weather. I immediately handed him the newspaper. I didn't speak Italian, that was clear to them.

The guard now struck in with a remark in French, as to the fineness of the neighboring country. I shrugged my shoulders, and produced my cigar case. French was not very familiar to me, evidently.

"Those beasts of English think their own tongue so fine they are too proud to learn another," said the guard.

"I am quite at home in your language, and reading," said the guard.

"Well, my dear Michael Pultski," began the guard.

"For the love of God, call me not by that name. My name is Alexis—Alexis Drentoi—now."

"Oh! oh!" laughed the guard; "you have changed your name, you fox; it's like you. Now I am the same you knew fifteen years ago, Conrad Ferrate—to-day, yesterday, and forever, Conrad Ferrate. Come, lad, tell us your story. How did you get out of that little affair at Warsaw? How they could have trusted you, with your face, with your secrets, I can't for the life of me tell; you look so like a sly knave, don't you, lad?"

The courier, so far from resenting this familiarity, smiled as if he had been praised.

"My story is soon said. I found, after my betrayal to the police of the secrets of that little conspiracy, which you and I joined, that Poland was too hot for me, and my name too well known. I went to France, who values her police, and for a few years was useful to them. But it was dull work, very dull; native talent was more esteemed. I was to be sent on a secret service to Warsaw; I declined, for obvious reasons."

"Good! Michael—Alexis; good, Alexis. This fox is not to be trapped." And he slapped the courier on the shoulder heartily.

"And," resumed the other, "I resigned. Since then I have travelled as courier with noble families, and I trust I give satisfaction."

"Good! Alexis; good, Mich—good, Alexis! To yourself you give satisfaction. You are a fine rascal—the prince of rascals! No decent, so quiet, so like the cure of a convent. Who would believe that you had sold the lives of thirty men for a few hundred roubles?"

"And who," interrupted the courier, "would believe that you, hmf, honest Conrad Ferrate, had run away with all the money those thirty men had collected, during ten years of labor, for the rescue of their country from the Russians?"

"This was good, Alexis, was it not? I never was so rich in my life as then; I loved—I gambled—I drank on the patriot's money."

"For how long? Three years?"

"More—and now I have some left. Ah! times change, Alexis; behold me!" And the guard touched his buttons and his belt, the badges of his office. "Never mind; here's my good friend, the bottle—let us embrace—the only friend that is always true; if he does not gladden, he makes us forget."

"Tell me, my good Alexis, whom do you rob now? Who pays for the best and gets the second best? Whose money do you invest, eh! my little fox? Why are you here? Come, tell me while I drink to your success."

"I have the honor to serve his excellency, the Count Spesato."

"Ten thousand devils! My accursed cousin!" broke in the guard. "He who has robbed me from his birth; whose birth itself was a vile robbery of me—of me, his cousin, child of his father's brother. May he be accursed forever!"

I took most particular pains to appear only amused at this genuine outburst of passion, for I saw the watchful eye of the courier was on me all the time they were talking.

The guard drank off his tumbler of brandy.

"That master of yours is the man of whom I spoke to you years ago, as the one who had ruined me; and you serve him! May he be strangled on his wedding night, and cursed forever!"

"Be calm, my dearest Conrad, calm yourself. That beast of an Englishman will think you are drunk, like one of his own swinish people, if you talk so loud as this."

"How can I help it? I must talk. What he is, that I ought to be; I was brought up to it till I was eighteen; was the heir to all his vast estate; there was but one life between me and power—my uncle's—and he at fifty married a girl, and had this son, this son of perdition, my cousin. And after that I, who had been the pride of the family, became of no account! It was 'Julian, sweet Julian!'"

"I heard," said the courier, "that some one attempted to strangle the sweet child; that was—"

"Me, you fox, me. I wish I had done it; but for that wretched dog that worried me, I should have been Count Spesato now. I killed that dog, killed him—no, not suddenly; may his master die like him!"

"And you left after that little affair?"

"Oh yes! I left and became what you know me."

"A clever man, my dear Conrad. I know no man who is more clever with the ace than yourself, and, as to bullying to cover a mistake, you are an emperor at that. Is it not so, Conrad? Come, drink good health to my master, your cousin!"

"You miserable viper, I'll crush you if you ask me to do that again. I'll drink—here, give me the glass—"

"Here's to Count Spesato; may he die like a dog! May his carcass bring the birds and the wolves together! May his name be cursed and hated while the sun lasts! And may purgatory keep him till I pray for his release!"

The man's passion was something frightful to see, and I was more than half inclined to leave the place; but something, perhaps a distant murmur of the rising tide, compelled me to stay. I pretended to sleep, allowing my head to sink upon the table.

He sat still a few moments; and then commenced walking about the room, and abruptly asked:

"What brought you here, Alexis?"

"My master's horse, Signor Conrad."

"Good, my little fox; but why did you come on your master's horse?"

"Because my master wishes to reach Leghorn to-night, to meet his bride, Conrad."

"Then his is the special train ordered at nine, that I am to go with!" exclaimed the guard, eagerly.

"That is so, gentle Conrad; and now having told you all, let me pay our hostess and go."

"Pay! No one pays for me, little fox; no, no, go; I will pay."

The courier took his departure, and the guard kept walking up and down the room, muttering to himself.

"To-night, it might be to-night. If he goes to Leghorn, he meets his future wife;

another life, and perhaps a dozen. No, it must be to-night or never. Does his mother go? Fool that I am not to ask! Yes, it shall be to-night; and he left the room.

What should be "to-night?" Some foul play, of which the Count would be the victim, no doubt. But how? when? That must be solved. To follow him, or to wait—which? To wait. It is best always to wait; I had learned this lesson already.

I waited. It was now rather more than half-past eight, and I had risen to go to the door when I saw the stoker returning to the wine-shop with a man whose dress indicated the stoker.

"Come in, Guido, come in," said the guard, "and drink with me."

The man came in, and I was again absorbed in my book.

They seated themselves at the same table as before, and drank silently for a while; presently the guard began a conversation in some patois that I could not understand; but I could see the stoker grow more and more interested as the name of Beatrice occurred more frequently.

As the talk went on the stoker seemed pressing the guard on some part of the story with a most vindictive eagerness, repeatedly asking, "His name? The accused! His name?"

At last the guard answered, "Count Spesato."

"The Count Spesato!" said the stoker, now leaving the table, and speaking in Italian.

"Yes, good Guido; the man who will travel in the train we take to-night to Leghorn."

"He shall die!" The accused! He shall die to-night!" said the stoker. "If I lose my life, the betrayer of my sister shall die!"

The guard, returning to the unknown tongue seemed to be endeavoring to calm him; and I could only catch a repetition of the word "Empoli" at intervals. Presently the stoker took from the seats beside him two tin bottles, such as you may see in the hands of mechanics who dine out; and I could see that one of them had rudely scratched on it the name of "William Atkinson."

I fancied the guard produced for his pocket a phial, and poured the contents into the bottle; but the action was so rapid, and the corner was so dark, that I could not be positive; then rising, they stopped at the counter, had both bottles filled with brandy, and went out.

It was now time to get to the station; and, having paid my modest score, I went out.

A little in front of me, by the light of a small window, I saw these two cross themselves, grip each other's hands across right to right, left to left, and part.

The stoker had set down the bottles, and now taking them up followed the guard at a slower pace.

Arrived at the station, I found the Count, his mother, a female servant, and the courier.

The Count came up to me and said, in broken English,

"You are the English to go to Leghorn with me? Very well, there is room. I like the English. You shall pay nothing, because I do not sell tickets; you shall go free. Is that so?"

I thanked him in the best Italian I could master.

"Do not speak Italian to me; I speak the English as a native; I know all you say to me in your own tongue. See here is the train special, as you call it. Enter, as it shall please you."

The train drew up at the platform; and I saw that the stoker was at his post, and that the engine driver was an Englishman.

I endeavored in vain to draw his attention to warn him, and was compelled to take my seat, which I did in the compartment next the guard's brake—the train consisting of only that carriage and another, in which were the Count, his mother, and the servant.

The guard passed along the train, locked the door, and opened his box.

"The Florence goods is behind you, and the Sienna goods is due at Empoli Junction four minutes before you; mind you don't run into it," said the station master, with a laugh.

"No fear; we shall not run into it," said the guard, with a marked emphasis on the "we" and "it" that I recalled afterwards.

The whistle sounded, and we were off. It was a drizzling dark night; and I lay down full length on the seat, as if to sleep.

As I lay down a gleam of light shot across the carriage from a small chink in the wood-work of the partition between the compartment I was in and the guard's box.

I was terribly anxious from the manner of the guard; and this seemed to be a means of hearing something more. I lay down and listened attentively.

"How much will you give for your life, my little—"

"To-day, very little; when I am sixty, all I have, Conrad."

"But you might give something for it to-night, sweet Alexis, if you knew it was in danger?"

"I have no fear; Conrad Ferrate has too often conducted a train for me to fear to-night."

"True, my good Alexis; but this is the last train he will ride with as guard, for tomorrow he will be the Count Spesato."

"How! To-morrow? You Joke, Conrad. The brandy was strong; but you who have drunk so much, could hardly feel that."

"I neither joke, nor am I drunk; yet I shall be Count Spesato, to-morrow, good Alexis. Look you, my gentle fox, my sweet fox; if you do not buy your life of me, you shall die to-night. That is simple, sweet fox."

"Ay; but, Conrad, I am not in danger."

"Nay, Alexis; see, here is the door." (I heard him turn the handle.) "If you lean against the door you will fall out and be killed. Is it not simple?"

"But, good Conrad, I shall not lean against the door."

"Oh, my sweet fox, my cunning fox, my timid fox, but not my strong fox; you will lean against the door. I know you will unless I prevent you; and I will not prevent you, unless you give me all you have in that bag."

The mocking tone of the guard seemed well understood, for I heard the click of gold.

"Good, my Alexis; it is good; but it is very little for a life. Come, what is your life worth, that you buy it only with your master's money? It has cost you nothing. I see you will lean against that door, which is so foolish."

"What, in the name of all the devils in hell, will you have?" said the trembling voice of the courier.

"Only a little more; just that belt that is under your shirt, under everything, next to your skin, and dearer to you; only a little soft leather belt with pouches in it. Is not life worth a leather belt?"

"Wretch! All the earnings of my life are in that belt, and you know it."

"Is it possible, sweet fox, that I have found your nest? I shall give Maria a necklace of diamonds, then. Why do you wait? Why should you fall from the train, and make a piece of news for the papers? Why?"

"Take it; and be secured in your life and death!" and I heard the belt flung on the floor of the carriage.

"Now, good Alexis, I am in funds; there are three pieces of gold for you; you will need them at Leghorn. Will you drink? No. Then I will tell you why, without drink. Do you know where we are?"

"Yes; between St. Domenico and Signa."

"And do you know where we are going?"

"Yes; to Leghorn."

"No, sweet Alexis, we are not; we are going to Empoli; the train will go no further. Look you, little fox; we shall arrive at the junction in one minute before the Sienna goods train, and there the engine will break down just where the rails cross; for two blows of the hammer will convert an engine into a log; I shall get out to examine it; that will take a little time; I shall explain to the Count the nature of the injury; that will take a little time, and then the goods train will have arrived; and as it does not stop there, this train will go no further than Empoli, and I shall be Count Spesato to-morrow. How do you like my scheme, little fox? Is it not bright of your pupil? Oh, it will be a beautiful accident; it will fill the papers. That beast of an Englishman who begged his place in the train will be fortunate; he will cease, for goods trains are heavy. Eh! but it's a grand scheme—the son, the mother, the servant, the stranger, the engine-driver, all shall tell no tale."

"And the stoker?" said the courier.

"Ah! you and he and I shall escape. We shall be pointed at in the street as the fortunate. It is good, is it not, Alexis, my fox? I told him the Count is the man who betrayed his sister. He believes it, and is my creature. But, little fox, it was not my cousin, it was myself, who took his Beatrice from her home. Is it not good, Alexis? Is it not genius? And Atkinson—he, the driver—is now stupid; he has drunk from his can the poppy juice that will make him sleep forever. I will be a politician. I am worthy of office. I will become the Minister of a Bourbon when I am Count, my dear fox, and you shall become my comrade, as of old."

I was, for a time, lost to every sensation save that of hearing. The frenzied gurgling of the man had all the fascination of the serpent's rattle. I felt helplessly resigned to a certain fate.

I was aroused by something white slowly passing the closed door of the carriage. I waited a little, then gently opened it, and looked out. The stoker was crawling along the foot board of the next carriage, holding on by his hands, so as not to be seen by the occupants, and holding the signal lantern that I had noticed at the back of the last carriage in his hand. The meaning of it struck me in a moment. If by any chance we missed the goods train from Sienna, we should be run into from behind by the train from Florence.

The air that blew in at the open window refreshed me, and I could think what was to be done. The train was increasing its pace rapidly. Evidently the stoker, in sole charge, was striving to reach Empoli before the other train, which would follow, was due; he had to make five minutes in a journey of forty-five miles; and, at the rate we were going, we should do it. We stopped nowhere, and the journey was more than half over. We were now between Segna and Montepoli; and another twenty minutes, and I should be a bruised corpse. Something must be done.

I decided soon. Unfastening my bag, I took out my revolver, without which I never travel, and looking carefully to the loading and casing, fastened it to my waist with a handkerchief. I then cut with my knife the bar across the middle of the window, and carefully looked out. I could see nothing; the rain was falling fast, and the night was dark as ever. I cautiously put out first one leg, then the other, keeping my knees and toes close to the door, and lowered myself till I felt the step. I walked carefully along the foot-board by side steps, holding on to the handles of the door, till I came to the end of the carriage, and was next the tender. Here was a gulf that seemed impassable. The stoker must have passed over it; why not? Mounting from the foot-board on to the tender, and holding on to the iron hook from which the lamps are hung, I stretched my legs to reach the first part of the tender on the tender. My legs swung about with vibration, and touched nothing. I must spring. I had to hold with both hands behind my back, and stood on the case of the buffer-spring, and suddenly leaving go, leaped forward, struck violently against the edge of the tender, and grasped some of the loose lumps of coal on the top. Another struggle brought me on my knees, bruised and bleeding, on the top. I stood up, and at that moment the stoker opened the door of the furnace, and turned toward me, shovel in hand, to put in the coals. The bright red light from the fire enabled him to see me, while it blinded me. He rushed at me, and then began a struggle that I shall remember to my dying day. He grasped me round the throat with one arm, dragging me close to his breast, and with the other kept shortening the shovel for an effective blow. My hands, numbed and bruised, were almost useless to me, and for some seconds we reeled to and fro on the foot-plate in the blinding glare. At last he got me against the front of the engine, and with horrible ingenuity, pressed me against it till the lower part of my clothes were burnt to a cinder. The heat, however, restored my hands, and I at last managed to push him far enough from my body to loosen my pistol. I did not want to kill him, but I could not be very careful, and I fired at his shoulder from the back. He dropped the shovel; the arm that had nearly throttled me relaxed, and he fell. I pushed him into a corner of the tender, and sat down to recover myself.

My object was to get to Empoli before the Sienna goods train, for I knew nothing of what might be behind me. It was too late to stop, but I might, by shortening the journey seven minutes, instead of five, get to Empoli three minutes before the goods train was due.

I had never been on an engine before in my life, but I knew that there must be a valve somewhere that let the steam from the boiler into the cylinders, and that, being

important, it would be in a conspicuous position. I therefore turned the large handle in front of me, and had the satisfaction of finding the speed rapidly increased, and at the same time felt the guard putting on the brakes to retard the train. Spite of this, in ten minutes I could see some dim lights, I could not tell where, and I still pressed on, faster on, faster and faster.

In vain, between the intervals of putting on coals, did I strive to arouse the sleeping driver. There I was, with two apparently dead bodies on the foot-plate of an engine, going at the rate of forty miles an hour, or more, amidst a thundering noise and vibration that nearly maddened me.

At last we reached the lights, and I saw, as I passed by, that we had reached the dread point.

As I turned back, I could see the rapidly dropping cinders from the train which, had the guard's brake been sufficiently powerful to have made me thirty seconds later, would have utterly destroyed me.

I was still in a difficult position. There was the train half a minute behind us, which, had we kept our time, would have been four minutes in front of us. It came on to the same rails, and I could hear its dull rumble rushing on towards us, fast. If I stopped, there was no light to warn them. I must go on, for the Sienna train did not stop at Empoli.

I put on more fuel, and after some slight scolding, from turning on the wrong tape, had the pleasure of seeing the water-gauge filling up. Still I could not go on long; the risk was awful; I tried in vain to write on a leaf of my note book, and after searching in the tool-box, wrote on the iron lid of the tank with a piece of chalk, "Stop everything behind me. The train will not be stopped till three red lights are ranged in a line on the ground. Telegraph forward!"

And then as we flew through the Empoli station, I threw it on the platform. On we went, the same dull thunder behind warning me that I dare not stop.

We passed through another station at full speed, and at length I saw the white lights of another station in the distance. The sound behind had almost ceased, and in a few moments more I saw the line of three red lamps low down on the ground. I pulled back the handle, and after an ineffectual effort to pull up at the station, brought up the train about a hundred yards beyond Pontedera.

The porters and police of the stations came and put the train back, and then came the explanation.

The guard had been found dead on the rails, just beyond Empoli, and the telegraph set to work to stop the train. He must have found out the failure of his scheme, and in trying to reach the engine, have fallen on the rails.

The driver was only stupefied, and the stoker, fortunately, only dangerously, not fatally wounded.

Another driver was found, and the train was to go on.

The Count had listened most attentively to my statements, and then, taking my grimmed hand in his, led me to his mother.

"Madame, my mother, you have from this day one other son; this, my mother, is my brother."

The Countess literally fell on my neck, and kissed me in the spirit of them all, and speaking in Italian, said—

"Jean, he is my son, he has saved my life; and more, he has saved your life. My son, I will not say much; what is your name?"

"Guy Westwood."

"Guy, my child, my son, I am your mother; you shall love me."

"Yes, my mother; he is my brother. I am his. He is English, too; I like English. He has done well. Blanche shall be his sister."

During the whole of this time both mother and son were embracing me and kissing my cheeks, after the impulsive manner of their passionate natures, the indulgence of which appears strange to cold blood.

The train was delayed for my wounds and bruises to be dressed, and I then entered my carriage and went to Leghorn with them.

"Arrived there I was about to say 'Farewell.'"

"What is farewell now? No; you must see Blanche, my sister. You will sleep at my hotel; I shall not let you go. Who is she that in your great book says, 'Where you go I will go? That is my spirit. You must not leave me till you are as happy as I am.'"

I kept me, introduced me to Blanche, and persuaded me to write for leave to stay another two months, when he would return to England with me. Little by little he made me talk about Alice, till he knew all my story.

"Ah! that is it; you shall be unhappy because you want five hundred pounds every year, and I have so much as that. I am a patriot, I will rid of my money. So it is that you will not take money. You have saved my life, and you will not take money; but I shall make you take money, my friend, English Guy; you shall have as much."

And he handed me my appointment as secretary to one of the largest railways in Italy.

"Now you shall take money; now you will not go to your fog land to work like a slave; you shall take the money. That is not all. I am one of the practiced patriots—no, the practical patriots—of Italy. They come to me with their conspiracies to join, their secret societies to adhere to, but I do not. I am director of ever so much railways; I make fresh directions every day. I say to those who talk to me of politics, 'How many shares will you take in this or in that? I am a printer of books; I am a builder of museums; I have great share in docks, and I say to these, 'This is the man I am doing that is wanted.' This is not society with ribbons; it is what Italy, my country, wants. I grow poor; Italy grows rich; I am not wise in these things; they cheat me, because I am enthusiastic. Now, Guy, my brother, you are wise; you are deep; long in the head; in short, you are English! You shall be my guardian in these things—you shall save me from the cheat, and you shall work as you like for all the money you shall take from me. Come, my Guy, it is so."

Need I say that it was so? The Count and his Blanche made their honeymoon tour in England. They spent Christmas day with Alice and myself at Mr. Morton's, and when they left, Alice and I left with them, for our new home in Florence.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity.

Nitrate of Silver for the Throat.

When nitrate of silver was tried as a cure for some throat diseases, medical men of this country became hallucinated on the subject, and the moment a man seemed to be aware that he had a throat, by a tickling or clearing or cough or lumpy feeling there, which could be swallowed away, and you could feel it go down clear out of sight, and then at the very next swallow was ready to go down again, down went a swab, almost choking you to death, and in five minutes, two minutes, one minute, the tickling was gone, your cough was gone, your common sense was gone, and you jumped up out of your chair and in most ostentatious declared to every man, woman and child met with in the street, that you were cured of consumption, and that you were very "sincere in your belief;" but in two months afterward when you were "stone dead" of consumption you forgot to come back and "correct your report;" hence the idea spread like wildfire all over the country, that if a man had a hole in his lungs as big as a barn door, he only need have a gallon or less of nitrate of silver, strong as aquafortis squirted into the cavity, and Richard was himself again. Longer observations proved to Tronseau that he had made a hasty report, and the promised second edition of his book never appeared. The practice was taken up in this country, but it has now been almost entirely abandoned, because the disposition to hack or hem or clear the throat or to give frequent little dry coughs, called a "hacking cough," almost always arises from the condition of the lungs or the stomach, and a kind of tickling sensation is felt in the throat, referred to the little hollow at the top of the breast bone, but that sensation is induced by the state of the lungs or stomach, a foot or two away as the reader remembers in his own experience on receiving a knock on the elbow, the most disagreeable sensation was felt at the end of the fingers; when the leg is said to be asleep from sitting in such a position as to arrest the circulation, the unpleasant feeling is in the foot, the cause of which is above the knee. When a drop or crumb of bread has "gone the wrong way," an intense and spiteful tickling is excited in the throat, not because the crumb is there, but farther down in the lungs, and nature adopts this method of exciting a desire to cough, in the throat, because a cough is the forcible expulsion of air from the bottom of the lungs, intending to carry the offending crumb before it along one of the pipes into the throat and thence outside; in this case, applying anything to the throat to repress or take away the tickling is depriving nature of her only means of ridding herself of the offending crumb; in case of consumption, it is the yellow matter in the lungs which makes the throat tickle paroxysmally to cough; but removing the tickling by any means only stops the cough, and allows the "phlegm" to remain in the lungs, to accumulate, to fill up the lungs, so that scarcely any air can get into them; hence, one of the most constant and distressing symptoms of consumption is shortness of breath, caused by the patient taking medicine to repress the cough; hence it is that all medicines to stop coughs, in colds and consumptions literally kill, instead of cure.

—Dr. Hall.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest by all their country's wishes blest!

When Spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallowed mould, She there shall dress a sweeter sod Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung; By forms unseen their dirge is sung; There honor comes, a pilgrim gray; To bless the turf that wraps their clay; And freedom shall awhile repair, To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

—Collins.

The mournful intelligence that Geo. Francis Train has been released from prison has cast a gloom over two continents.

Some strange disclosures have lately been made in Paris in regard to the confinement of a number of persons, believed to be perfectly sane, in lunatic asylums. The Emperor has taken up the matter, has directed a searching official inquiry to be made, and intends himself, it is said, to visit Charenton and some other madhouses.

The "retired physician whose sands of life are nearly run out," had a clever practical joke played upon him some time ago. A wag sent him by express a barrel of sand to replenish his wasted store. Those who have had the benefit of his prescriptions may be glad to know of this pleasant assistance rendered the benevolent old gentleman, to enable him so easily to prolong his life and labor.

"Burleigh," of the Boston Journal, says that six cents' worth of green paint in powder used about any house will "clear the kitchen" and all its surroundings of roaches and kindred pests.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.—An interesting scientific discovery is mentioned in one of the Paris journals. The Calabar bean is found to be an antidote to strychnia. The latter destroys by spasmodic contractions. The first taken alone paralyzes, and thus directly neutralizes the action of strychnia, if given after that poison. The bean has been found useful in cases of lockjaw.

A

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Question. Which is the LARGEST Clothing House in Philadelphia?
Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, 6th and Market streets.
Question. Which Clothing House has the BEST assortment?
Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, 6th and Market streets.
Question. Which is the CHEAPEST place to buy Clothing for Gentlemen, Boys and Children?
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Answer. Because their system of doing business, buying in first hands, gives them great advantages, and their very large sales afford moderate profits.
Question. Do they have fine goods "READY MADE" as well as lower grades?
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GOLONG (Black), No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No. 11, No. 12, No. 13, No. 14, No. 15, No. 16, No. 17, No. 18, No. 19, No. 20, No. 21, No. 22, No. 23, No. 24, No. 25, No. 26, No. 27, No. 28, No. 29, No. 30, No. 31, No. 32, No. 33, No. 34, No. 35, No. 36, No. 37, No. 38, No. 39, No. 40, No. 41, No. 42, No. 43, No. 44, No. 45, No. 46, No. 47, No. 48, No. 49, No. 50, No. 51, No. 52, No. 53, No. 54, No. 55, No. 56, No. 57, No. 58, No. 59, No. 60, No. 61, No. 62, No. 63, No. 64, No. 65, No. 66, No. 67, No. 68, No. 69, No. 70, No. 71, No. 72, No. 73, No. 74, No. 75, No. 76, No. 77, No. 78, No. 79, No. 80, No. 81, No. 82, No. 83, No. 84, No. 85, No. 86, No. 87, No. 88, No. 89, No. 90, No. 91, No. 92, No. 93, No. 94, No. 95, No. 96, No. 97, No. 98, No. 99, No. 100, No. 101, No. 102, No. 103, No. 104, No. 105, No. 106, No. 107, No. 108, No. 109, No. 110, No. 111, No. 112, No. 113, No. 114, No. 115, No. 116, No. 117, No. 118, No. 119, No. 120, No. 121, No. 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WIT AND HUMOR.

Speaking Foreign Languages.
Prof. Newhall, writing from Europe, says: A friend of mine called on a celebrated German philologist here who "speaks English." Thus the conversation opened:—"I believe you talk English, professor?"—"Gee!" said the philologist, "a few." Many of the stories here advertise "English spoken here." I called at one of them, and the Englishness of the establishment said, "Although I a teacher of English have, I have it much odder." I thought he had, but I gossiped lavishly as I reflected, "I a teacher of German been have also." Another English speaking bookkeeper, who also speaks our language, as a general thing, fluently and correctly, rather startled me the other day, when I called for a certain book that he was to procure for me, by saying, "I have not got it now, but I have sent my angel for it." It was with difficulty that I kept my countenance, but I was sobered by the reflection that probably I am every day tating the politeness of my German friends to the extent by just such blunders as this.

In the Berlin gallery is a fine picture of Jacob wrestling with the angel. It is photographed, as are most of these masterpieces of art, and on the back of the photograph is the subject in three languages. In German it runs thus: "Jakob ringet mit dem Engel," which is translated into English thus: "Jack ringing with the angel." Prof. Rice was informed by a German student in the natural history department, that he was "travelling on fishes." It was some little time before Prof. Rice got the idea that his friend simply meant that he was hard at work on the study of fishes.—*Zion's Herald.*

FRODO.

Little Jimmy is a boy well-trained in all the arena of modern juvenile science. Knows all about his liver and his lungs; can number you the pairs of nerves, and locate them, as well as divide them into afferent and efferent, organic and animal. In fact, little Jimmy is brimful of physico-chemical information, as his uncle recently found to his cost. They were at meat with the other members of the family. The uncle was much annoyed, not to say shocked, at the rapidity with which little Jimmy caused food to vanish through the cavity of his countenance commonly called his month. He remonstrated, and slyly hinted that a boy so thoroughly posted as a hygienic physiologist ought to know better than to "bolt" his food. But the uncle was crushed. Quoth Jimmy, with his mouth full—

"I eat rapidly to avoid dying by diabetes. Don't start, but hear me out. In the insatiation of food during the process of mastication, the starch of bread and potatoes is converted into sugar. But an excess of sugar in the blood is the occasion of diabetes. Hence to avoid that excess and that consequence, I eat rapidly and with little mastication."

Long before this speech was concluded the uncle had succumbed.

Hard Work.

Old Dick Wilson was quaint but lazy. On one occasion Dr. H. called on Dick, and handing him a basket, desired him to go to a certain spot, about two miles distant, and bring him a quantity of snails, adding, "Be as quick as you can, Dick, for I am in a hurry."

Muttering that "the doctor is always in a hurry," Dick set off on his expedition; and the doctor, after his round of visits, seated himself in his office to rest and to wait for Dick.

In the deepest twilight of the long June day Dick appeared, and after carefully setting down his basket, seated himself with an air of utter weariness on the threshold of the open door.

"Well, Dick," said the doctor, "did you get the snails?"

"Look in the basket, doctor."

The doctor looked, and to his vexation saw only two or three miserable "specimens" on the bottom of the basket, and exclaimed, "Why, Dick, what does this mean?"

"O, yes, plenty of 'em there, doctor, but it was such hard work to run 'em down."

A Gentle Rebuke.

A lady, riding in a car on the New York Central Railroad, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen, occupying the seat just before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college, on his way home for a vacation.

He used much profane language, greatly to the annoyance of the lady.

She thought she would rebuke him, and on begging pardon for interrupting them, asked the young student if he had studied the languages?

Student—"Yes, madam, I have mastered the languages quite well."

Lady—"Do you read and speak Hebrew?"

Student—"Quite fluently."

Lady—"Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?"

Student—"With great pleasure. I am at your service."

Lady—"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

We may well suppose the lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of this would-be gentleman.

Ship It.

In a certain school there were two boys, whose names we will call James O. and Bob H. James was a very good reader, but Bob was exactly the reverse—a very poor reader. The latter, however, managed to get into the class of the former, by what means I cannot say. It often happened that when Bob came to a word which he could not pronounce, he would nod James, and in a whisper (if the teacher was not looking), ask what the word was. Once he came to a word that even James could not make out, and the latter in a whisper told him to skip it. Not rightly understanding the advice, he asked the second time, when James, somewhat out of patience, answered, "Skip it, god darn ye, Bob." Thinking he understood right, Bob cried out, in his usually loud, drawing tone, "Skip it, god darn ye, Bob." The effect in the school may be imagined.

A person, late on a Saturday afternoon, hailed an Englishman, as he was skillfully copying the wily fisherman's art, for trout, with "Halloo, there! I got anything?"

"Get anything?" of course not. I only came here last Wednesday!" was the reply, as the patient angler once more cast his patient fly.



TOO BAD!

EMILY.—"What do I think of the flower, Mr. Robinson? Why, more than I do of the flowerpot, by far!"

STEADFAST.

As one entranced will sometimes gaze afar into the deep blue night,
At the sweet radiance of some special star
That shines supremely bright;

His look concentrated—all the rest unrecked
Their glowing courses run;
Though by ten myriad gems the heavens are decked,
To him there is but one.

So I look up into a glorious face,
Into a calm kind eye,
Radiant with queenly nobleness and grace,
Clear as a cloudless sky.

Not bright—as brooks that o'er the shallows roll,
But oh! so pure and deep
With fathomless serenity of soul—
Like ocean in a sleep.

There might be faces fifty times as fair,
O dear-loved lady mine!
But though there were, I'd neither know
nor care—
I'm blind to all but thine.

Was Benj. Franklin Mean?

Jefferson Davis thinks he was. He is reported to have said that Dr. Franklin was "the incarnation of the New England character,—hard, calculating, angular, unable to conceive any higher object than the accumulation of money." There are many other people who, though they honor the memory of Franklin, have received the impression that, in money matters, he was very close and saving. To correct this error, I will now briefly relate his pecuniary history, from his boyhood to his death, showing how he got his money, how much of it he got, and what he did with it.

I will begin with the first pecuniary transaction in which he is said to have been concerned, and this shall be given in his own words:—

"When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one."

That was certainly not the act of a stingy, calculating boy.

His next purchase, of which we have any knowledge, was made when he was about eleven years old; and this time, I must confess, he made a much better bargain. The first book he ever could call his own was a copy of Pilgrim's Progress, which he read, and re-read, until he got from it all so young a person could understand. But being exceedingly fond of reading, he exchanged his Pilgrim's Progress for a set of little books, then much sold by peddlers, called "Burton's Historical Collections," in forty paper-covered volumes, containing history, travels, tales, wonders and curiosities; just the thing for a boy. As we do not know the market value of this Pilgrim's Progress, we cannot tell whether the poor peddler did well by him, or the contrary. But, it strikes me, that that is not the kind of barter in which a mean, grasping boy usually engages.

His father being a poor soap and candle-maker, with a dozen children or more to support or assist, and Benjamin being a printer's apprentice, he was more and more puzzled to gratify his love of knowledge. But, one day, he hit upon an expedient that brought in a little cash. By reading a vegetarian book, this hard, calculating Yankee had been led to think that people could live better without meat than with it, and that killing innocent animals for food was cruel and wicked. So he abstained from meat altogether for about two years. As this led to some inconvenience at his boarding-house, he made this cunning proposition to his master:—

"Give me one-half the money you pay for my board, and I will board myself."

The master, consenting, the apprentice lived entirely upon such things as hominy, bread, rice and potatoes, and found that he could actually live upon half of the half. What did the calculating wretch do with the money? Put it into his money-box? No; he laid it all out in the improvement of his mind.

When, at the age of seventeen, he landed at Philadelphia, a runaway apprentice, he had one silver dollar and one shilling in copper coin. It was a fine Sunday morning, as probably the reader remembers, and he knew not a soul in the place. He asked the boatman, upon whose boat he had come down the Delaware, how much he had to pay. They answered, Nothing, because he had helped them row. Franklin, however, insisted upon their taking his shilling's worth of coppers, and forced the money upon

them. An hour after, having bought three rolls for his breakfast, he ate one, and gave the other two to a poor woman and her child, who had been his fellow-passengers. These were small things, you may say; but, remember, he was a poor, ragged, dirty runaway, in a strange town, four hundred miles from a friend, with three pence gone out of the only dollar he had in the world.

Next year, when he went home to see his parents, with his pocket full of money, a new suit of clothes and a watch, one of his oldest Boston friends was so much pleased with Franklin's account of Philadelphia, that he determined to go back with him. On the journey Franklin discovered that his friend had become a slave to drink. He was sorely plagued and disgraced by him, and, at last, the young drunkard had spent all his money, and had no way of getting on except by Franklin's aid. This hard, calculating, mercenary youth—did he seize the chance of shaking off a most troublesome and injurious travelling companion? Strange to relate, he stuck to his old friend, shared his purse with him till it was empty, and then began on some money which he had been entrusted with for another, and so got him to Philadelphia, where he still assisted him. It was seven years before Franklin was able to pay all the debt incurred by him to aid this old friend; for abandoning whom few would have blamed him.

A year after he was in a still worse difficulty from a similar cause. He went to London to buy types and a press with which to establish himself in business in Philadelphia—the Governor of Pennsylvania having promised to furnish the money. One of the passengers on the ship was a young friend of Franklin's, named James Ralph, with whom he had often studied, and of whom he was exceedingly fond. Ralph gave out that he, too, was proceeding to London to make arrangements for going into business for himself at Philadelphia. The young friends arrived—Franklin nineteen, and Ralph a married man with two children. On reaching London, Franklin learned, to his amazement and dismay, that the governor had deceived him, that no money was to be expected from him, and that he must go to work and earn his living at his trade. No sooner had he learned this than James Ralph gave him another piece of stunning intelligence; namely, that he had run away from his family, and meant to settle in London as a poet and author!

Franklin had ten pounds in his pocket and knew a trade. Ralph had no money and knew no trade. They were both strangers in a strange city. Now, in such circumstances, what would a mean, calculating young man have done? Reader, you know very well, without my telling you. What Franklin did was this: he shared his purse with his friend until his ten pounds were all gone; and, having at once got work at his trade, he kept on dividing his wages with Ralph until he had advanced him thirty-six pounds—half a year's income—not a penny of which was ever repaid. And this he did—the cold-blooded wretch!—because he could not help loving his brilliant, unprincipled comrade, though disapproving his conduct and sadly needing his money.

Having returned to Philadelphia, he set up in business as a printer and editor, and, after a very severe effort he got his business well established, and, at last, had the most profitable establishment of the kind in all America. During the most active part of his business life he always found some time for the promotion of public objects; he founded a most useful and public-spirited club, a public library which still exists, and assisted in every worthy scheme. He was most generous to his poorer relations, hospitable to his fellow-citizens, and particularly interested in the welfare of his journeymen, many of whom he set up in business.—*Purton's "Biography."*

TO A PICTURE.

BY FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

Oh serious eyes! how is it that the light,
The burning rays, that mine pour into ye,
Still lie ye cold, and dead, and dark as night!

Oh lifeless eyes! can ye not answer me?
Oh lips! whereon my own so often dwell,
Hath love's warm, fearful thrilling touch no spell

To waken sense in ye? Oh misery!
Oh breathless lips! can ye not speak to me?
Thou soulless mimicry of life! my tears
Fall scalding o'er thee. In vain, in vain
I press thee to my heart, whose hopes and fears

Are all thine own; thou dost not feel the strain.
Oh thou dull image! wilt thou not reply
To my fond prayers and wild idolatry?

Query: Is a man who has made a fool of himself to be considered a self-made man?

AGRICULTURAL.

The Curing of Green Hides.

A great many butchers, wool dealers, etc., are purchasers of the hides of the beef in the country towns, and we often get from them inquiries as to the most proper and profitable method of curing the hide and preparing it for the market. A great many butchers do not use proper care in this branch, and the consequence is that the hides will not pass city inspection, owing entirely to the ignorance and carelessness of persons preparing them for market. The proper way to salt hides, is to lay them out flat, flesh side up, and form a nearly square bed, say twelve by fifteen feet, folding in the edges so as to make them as nearly solid as possible. Split the ear in the cords that run up the ear in each one, so as to make them lie out flat. Sprinkle the hide with two or three shovelfuls of coarse salt, as the size may require—say, for a sixty to eighty pound hide, from ten to fifteen pounds of salt. At any rate, cover the hide well, as it need not be wasted; and let them lie in this from twelve to twenty days, after which take them up, shake the salt out, and use it again.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

The Teeth of a Horse.

The Rural American says:—At five years of age the horse has forty teeth—twenty-four molars or jaw teeth, twelve incisor or front teeth, and four tusks or canine teeth, between the molars and the incisors, but usually wanting in the mare.

At birth only two nippers or middle incisors appear.

At one year old, the incisors are all visible on the first or milk set. After this time, indeed, good authorities say that, after five years, the age of a horse can only be conjectured. But the teeth gradually change their form, the incisors being round, oval, and then triangular. Dealers sometimes bishop the teeth of old horses; that is, scoop them out to imitate the mark; but this can be known by the absence of the white edge of enamel which always surrounds the real mark, by the shape of the teeth and other marks of age about the animal.

Raising Potatoes Under Straw.

We give an experiment in raising potatoes under straw, by J. N. Sterns, of Kalamazoo, Michigan:—"I fitted the ground as for planting in the old way, by marking rows one way three feet apart, and dropped the potatoes on the mark from eighteen inches to two feet apart, covering them slightly with soil. I then covered to about the depth of ten inches with old straw and did nothing more with them. When the crop was ripe, I raked off the straw, and raked out the potatoes, which were mostly on the surface, looking very nice, fresh, and large. The result was, I had at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six bushels per acre; while the yield from those planted the old way in drills, and cultivated, on ground by the side of them, was only seventy-five bushels per acre, which was rather small for this section, owing to the dry season. The soil is a sandy loam."

A Preventive.

The editor of a Western paper has invented a method whereby he keeps his neighbors' cows from stealing his hay. He describes it thusly:—

"A certain quadruped had a sweet tooth for our haystack, and did much damage, throwing down the rail fence and rooting in our hay. We bought a box of cayenne pepper, took a nice lock of hay, placed it outside, 'baptized' it with pepper, and watched. The animal came along and pitched into the hay, when suddenly she took the hint, and with nose at forty-five degrees and tail at ninety-eight degrees, her 'soul' went marching on at the rate of 2.40. The cow has not come back. Try this, ye afflicted, and you will save your hay, and have a hearty laugh all to yourself."

TWELVE GOOD ROSES.—The following list comprises colors, vigor of growth, and other desirable qualities, that cannot but please almost all rose-fanciers: General Jacquemont, scarlet crimson; Baronne Prevost, rose; Madame Louise Carique, rose crimson; Gloire de Dijon, orange yellow; Sir J. Paxton, cherry crimson; Céline Forestier, yellow; Jules Margottin, bright crimson; Anna Alexieff, rose; Du de Cazes, dark crimson; Duchesse de Medina Coli, rich purplish crimson; William Griffiths, salmon rose, and Maurice Bernardin, vermillion.—*Horticulturist.*

RECEIPTS.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Mince the white meat of a chicken fine, or pull it in bits; chop the white parts of celery; prepare a salad dressing thus: rub the yolks of hard-boiled eggs smooth with a spoon, put to each yolk a teaspoonful of made mustard, half as much salt, a tablespoonful of oil, and a wineglass of strong vinegar; put the celery on a large dish; lay the chicken on that; then pour it over the dressing. Lettuce cut small, in the place of celery, may be used. Cut the whites of the eggs in rings to garnish the salad.

TO PRESERVE CHERRIES.—Take good, ripe, sour cherries four pounds, sugar four pounds, water two pounds. Boil them well together an hour, or until done; cool them and put away for use.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Express the juice from the fruit through a cloth, strain it clear, weigh, and stir to it an equal proportion of the finest sugar dried and reduced to powder; when this is dissolved, place the preserving-pan over a very clear fire, and stir the jelly often until it boils; clear it carefully from scum, and boil it quickly from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. This receipt is for a moderate quantity of the preserve; a very small portion will require much less time.

CURRANT WINE.—Pick, stem, wash, and strain them well. To 1 quart of juice 1 pound of sugar; stir it; add 1 pint of water to each quart of juice; put it into something which it will fill, reserving 1 pint to fill up with. Let it ferment during about four weeks. Listen from time to time to see if all is serene. At first there will be froth; when it is nearly done small bubbles will be found; when all is still, strain, and bottle, and seal.

Do not use the sediment.
P. S. The above is the receipt of a successful wine maker.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 68 letters.
My 5, 20, 25, 17, 11, 2, 46, is the name of a famous Norwegian violinist.
My 57, 25, 50, 25, was a learned English judge.
My 10, 8, 31, 20, 50, 55, 57, 66, was an American astronomer and mathematician.
My 68, 45, 43, 61, 23, was a Tyrolean patriot.
My 65, 26, 30, 67, 21, was an English poet and divine.
My 65, 29, 12, 23, was attorney general of the United States.
My 63, 8, 42, 34, 2, was a talented French writer.
My 67, 26, 54, 21, 1, was an Italian poet.
My 8, 66, 10, 7, 80, 13, was an English dramatic and musical composer.
My 16, 23, 57, 41, 34, 53, 63, is a novelist.
My 27, 49, 43, 41, 64, was a celebrated navigator.
My 22, 9, 18, 20, 31, was an English politician and philosopher.
My 44, 42, 33, 8, 19, 43, was a French revolutionist.
My 17, 23, 56, 40, 61, was an American pioneer.
My 4, 14, 24, 37, 63, 31, 58, 62, 33, 68, was an English poet.
My 53, 26, 60, 66, 34, was an English navigator.
My 47, 1, 59, is a title.
My whole is a maxim of King Alphonse of Castile.
Fallston, Md.
"NUTMEG."

Enigma.

I am composed of 109 letters.
My 10, 2, 12, 102, 85, 98, 63, 31, 9, 10, 59, 12, 61, 72, has created quite a sensation in Philadelphia.
My 102, 103, 89, 103, 8, 38, 44, 99, 66, 70, 94, 106, is a beautiful flower.
My 5, 44, 32, 19, 61, 8, 21, 38, 63, 27, 53, 80, 78, 84, will be read with great interest.
My 4, 2, 24, 8, 19, 77, 72, 88, 63, 68, 1, 3, 108, 104, 70, 61, 8, is a new and beautiful song.
My 85, 86, 87, 88, 9, 61, 13, 10, 93, 97, 100, 8, 109, was a novel by T. S. Arthur.
My 71, 98, 64, 85, 7, 18, 12, 78, 77, 60, 70, 33, 10, 90, 78, 85, 88, 8, 60, 103, 42, 71, 22, 103, 67, 50, 13, 10, 92, is where my friend graduated.
My 11, 22, 17, 78, 7, 18, 10, 23, 15, 41, 60, 88, 83, 73, is truly a riddle to the ladies.
My 77, 64, 93, 30, 35, 16, 54, 14, 8, 96, is a large city in Pennsylvania.
My 34, 35, 12, 62, 99, 19, 33, 98, 29, 61, 50, 79, 91, 71, 26, 46, 93, 33, is one of Scott's novels.
My 67, 60, 78, 67, 70, 55, 61, 32, 72, 67, was a bloody battle field.
My 62, 66, 84, 43, 44, 36, 107, 83, 87, 19, 78, 78, 74, was a celebrated prison.
My 56, 40, 108, 81, 29, 94, is an article of furniture.
My 91, 78, 52, 49, 34, 43, 90, 86, 84, 84, is a popular boat on the Ohio.
My 8, 73, 25, 101, 61, 73, 53, 21, 11, 45, was a town in Virginia burned during the war.
My whole is a verse of poetry.
MAGGIE H. COUCH.
Mercer's Bottom, W. Va.

Probability Problem.

If a person throws 7 dice, what is the probability that he will turn up an odd number of aces? ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

The length of a road in which the ascent is one foot in five, from the foot of the hill to the top is a mile and two-thirds. What will be the length of a zigzag road, in which the ascent is one foot in twelve? J. M. GREENWOOD.
Kirkville, Adair Co., Mo.
An answer is requested.

Algebraic Problem.

B and C gave A one-quarter of their money; A and C gave B one-fifth of their money; B and A gave C one-sixth of their money. After this division they each had one thousand dollars. Required—the number of dollars each man had. W. T. STONEBRAKER.
West Milton, O.
An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

Which of Mr. Dickens's works is hardest to go through? Ans.—No Thoroughfare.
Why is a coquette like a miser? Ans.—Because she never gives assent.
When is a blow from a lady welcome? Ans.—When she strikes you agreeably.
Why is a sharp razor like a dull one? Ans.—Because the one shaves thoroughly and the other shaves tho-roughly.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"Friends are like fiddle strings; they should not be screwed too tight." **DOUBLE REBUS.**—Owasco and Otego. (Ohio, west, Atlas, Seine, crab, Ontario.) **METAGRAM.**—Rome. (Home, rune, rose, romp.)

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.—To two pounds of fine, large strawberries, add two pounds of powdered sugar, and put them in a preserving kettle, over a slow fire, till the sugar is melted; then boil them precisely twenty minutes, as fast as possible; have ready a number of small jars, and put the fruit in boiling hot. Cork and seal the jars immediately, and keep them through the summer in a cold, dry cellar. The jars must be heated before the hot fruit is poured in, otherwise they will break.

A FAVORITE way of dressing potatoes is this:—Cut them up into quarters; rub a saucepan with a piece of garlic, put into it a goodly piece of butter, and when it is melted throw in your potatoes; add a very little water, pepper and salt, and a small quantity of grated nutmeg; let the whole simmer till done, and, before serving, add some minced parsley and a little lemon-juice. Cooked in this way they can be eaten as a separate dish, which, by-the-by, is the only way to eat vegetables, instead of eating them with meat.

Boiled potatoes cut up into quarters, and with a white sauce, with minced parsley put over them, make a very nice dish.

Blue is the fashionable color in London this season.